Eighty-eight days in America.

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BY ESOR.

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PREFACE.

MONTAIGNE'S is a name of world-wide fame. For me, nothing could be more fortunate. For I remember how soundly he castigates those whose records of their travels tell only how many paces Santa Rotonda is in circuit, what is the richness of Signiora Livia's attire, or how much larger and broader is Nero's face in a statue niched in one ruin than in a statue niched in another; but, on the contrary, how liberally he praises those who find their subjects in ‘a roguy trick of a page, a sottish mistake of a servant, or a jest at the table,’ and stoutly maintains that ‘ *whatsoever presents itself before us is book sufficient.* ’

Now, in reading the following pages, I see that they are a budget of trifles. But may I not claim that they relate to incidents on the road and at the table just as they occurred? that they tell, without polish, without disguise, with just the measure of force with which they addressed iv themselves to me at the time, *whatsoever presented itself?* To make this journey had been an absorbing wish. I had longed to go to America; I had longed to see its greatness. And when that wish was to be realised, I was already jealous lest any detail should pass from me that could recall the intense anticipated pleasure—now pleasure as

intense, but realised. If I had a good dinner or breakfast; if it rained or if it shined; how I travelled from place to place: I know that this cannot matter to the outside world. But to me every trivial circumstance was a source of delight. I dare not here assert that there is a current of gladness in enthusiastic, genuine joy.

There is at least this advantage in extreme minuteness—it descends to usages which the dignity of even most diarists rejects. But these usages are constantly passing away. These pages themselves bear their share of evidence that in new countries, hedged round with civilisation, they may with extreme rapidity pass away. If only then for myself, I have been glad to fix what, once lost, could never so vividly have been regained.

Eighty-eight Days in America

TUESDAY, *August* 14 *th,* 1883.—At half-past ten in the morning I left my London home and went to H.'s rooms to breakfast. After doing a little shopping—the purchase of gossamer veils, and all imaginable safeguards against mosquitoes, by no means excluded—we left London for Liverpool by the 2.45 train. It was our intention to stay there until Thursday, the 16th; then we were to go on board the steamship *Parisian* , of the Allan Line, and commence our real ocean journey. Staying at Liverpool, we put up at the London and North-Western Hotel While there we went to the Prince of Wales's Theatre; the piece, ‘Billee Taylor,’ the old ballad notwithstanding, appeared to us rather nonsensical. At any rate, excited by the advent of our naval undertakings, we were glad to escape at the end of the first act, walk home to bed, and forget weariness in sleep.

Wednesday, August 15.—Going out in the morning, it rained so hard that we had to return to the hotel. In the afternoon we made a purchase of a couple of deck chairs, which H. assured me would prove most useful, paid the balance of our passage-money, and settled the half-dozen little points of business which were none the less urgent, because, fitly enough, they had waited to the last. B

Thursday, August 16.—I awoke this morning full of glee, for to-day we were to embark. Hurrying through with our packing, and changing some sterling money for dollars, we boarded the crowded tender and made for our ship, which lay nearly opposite in the middle of the river. The *Parisian* , of 5000 tons, and built entirely of steel, proved to be about 420 feet from stem to stern. Our first experiences were in a measure unfortunate: we were unable to secure a cabin; the ship was immensely full, and not one passenger was there in it whom I knew, even by sight. However, the most serious of our difficulties was soon remedied—the chief officer consented to part with his cabin. It was both roomy —roomy enough to hold all the luggage necessary for the voyage—and placed well amidships. So with light hearts, the sun shining delightfully and in auspicious contrast to the day before, we made way about 5.30, prepared to hear with welcome the sound of the dinner-bell. In other respects we were clearly to be less fortunate. We were surrounded by people not prepossessing. But, then, we were forearmed: our own conversation had often enough proved ample source of amusement; and, indeed, it may have been our confidence in this which led us to look somewhat askance on our less-favoured neighbours. After dinner we went on deck and sat in our own purchased chairs till half-past ten. And thus ended this first ocean-bound day.

Friday, August 17.—Rising, we were soon aware that during the night a dense fog must have sprung up. The fog-horn had, in fact, been put to work, 3 but, either because we were so far from it, or because we slept so soundly, we did not hear it. The fog prevented us arriving at Moville, marked as our first point of stoppage, at the usual time of 10 a.m., retarding us just two hours. As I had never seen Moville, we went ashore in a small boat which came alongside, and was presided over by a man called Sam. The weather was somewhat squally, and the sail being set, I did not feel quite as comfortable as I could have wished. It took ten minutes to get to a kind of pier, where, having ascertained we must return by three o'clock, we disembarked. The town was wretched. It afforded, however, the manuscript book used for this diary, and was the *locus* of a really brilliant idea—brilliant, at least, when judged in the light of the incident it entailed. It came into

my head to have a sea-bath. Having learnt that a woman kept a bath-house on the sea-shore we proceeded there, and of all the primitive places I ever was in this was the most original. There was indeed a ladies' side, and there was a gentlemen's side; but as the owner told us that the ladies' bath was occupied, and would be for some time, what could we do but take a bath together in the department so nominally consecrated to the gentlemen? Still, we were little prepared for the circumstance which actually happened. Up went the lady who owned the bath, climbing high on a ladder, and thence emptied buckets though a sieve by way of a shower. Innocent I, doubting much whether she could not see us, was feebly reassured by a response in the negative; but who shall be critical 4 when one's purpose is served? and certainly we both had a delightful bath, and felt wonderfully refreshed as well as hungry after it. Hurrying on our clothes, we went to the Hotel O'Connell; there we were served with a savoury lunch of fresh herring, with, oh! the softest of roes. Through this we walked down to the pier. After a short time Sam came alongside, and we embarked—rather too many in the boat to be pleasant. Just as we were starting it commenced to rain and blow hard; I was really frightened, but H. reassured me quickly, and we were soon alongside of the ship and safely on board.

Shortly after this a tender from Londonderry arrived, bringing the mails and some cabin and steerage passengers. A friend of H.'s had sent me a bouquet of fresh-cut flowers, a sort of God-speed, which pleased me greatly. We were now, in all, 640 steerage and 160 cabin passengers, making, with the crew of 140, just 940 souls on board. Yet, in the case of a collision or any accident, the boat-saving accommodation would, at a maximum, have given provision for 350! The ship's run was 190 miles from departure till to-day at 12.30, that being the distance from Liverpool to Moville.

After having shipped the mails we weighed anchor. A quarter of an hour after we parted with our pilot, who dropped very cleanly in the boat moored alongside. I then commenced this diary—I fear with poor success; for I had not advanced far when the sense of sickness caused my retirement to the cabin. Still I felt well enough to make an appearance at dinner. I 5 was bold enough even to go on deck and stay till finally withdrawing at half-past

nine. As we had an officer's cabin we found insured to us the privilege of burning the lamp as long as we chose. We also had the benefit of lockers, and thus prevented the cabin being blocked up with trunks and hanging clothes—circumstances which undeniably tend to make a room ‘puggy’ and uncomfortable. Alas! these advantages were not without off-set. Well in our berths, H. began to read. Rudely was he interrupted by my cry of alarm—a cockroach was walking up the wall! H., with the calm and intrepid courage characteristic of him, made a valiant dash with a paper weapon. The insect was slain. Hardly had we settled down before another of the genus made its appearance. Buoyed by the hope that there could be no more, as the father and mother invariably come out together, again H. rose—again his combatant was slain. But unhappy was the illusion; for in another moment a third and a fourth individual filled the paths of their precursors, only to be sacrificed by the unerring hand of the brave H. Yet, whatever our success, sleep was long out of the question. My imagination was filled with innumerable cockroaches, dotted about me as numerously as the Lilliputians about the august person of Lemuel Gulliver. Eventually I forgot all about them and fell asleep.

Saturday, August 18.—To-day came with fine weather overhead, but a sea so very rough that I have stayed in my berth all day, very sick and miserable. The rolling and pitching were frightful, and I taken 6 up in gloomy contemplation of the discomforts of a few days' voyage in such weather as this. The day meanwhile past. But on the publication of the run it was annoying to learn that, owing to the head-winds and to the screw being half out of the water, we had only made a distance of 192 miles.

Sunday, August 19.—It was rougher still—in fact, blowing half a gale; but I managed to crawl to the bath-room, where the beneficial effects of the salt water somewhat ‘pulled me together,’ and enabled me to go on deck. I made, however, a poor breakfast; and was far too sensible of qualms to attend the service held in the saloon at 10.30. But what inclination kept me from doing the rain effectually did; for it came down in torrents, and, after having been covered over with waterproofs for some time, I had to give in, and, like the celebrated captain in *H.M.S. Pinafore* , to ‘go below.’ There I was ill to my heart's

content; and thus, fed occasionally with beef-tea and other slops, passed this day. During it we have chronicled a run of 267 miles—still very poor. Thank Heaven, every mile brings us nearer Quebec, our destination. True, it is 2650 miles distant, but I have the delight of anticipating that about Wednesday next we reach the Straits of Bellisle, and then the water will be smooth.

Monday, August 20.—The sea has very much gone down, and is going down still more. After getting up and taking my sea-bath I went on deck. I felt much better, but was still afraid to trust myself to breakfast in the saloon; and, in fact, had nothing to eat 7 until eleven, when I partook of some beef-tea. The sun now commenced to shine, and what with reading, snoozing, and talking, the time passed away. At six, under the advice of H., I mustered up courage to dine in the saloon. And I must say I had sufficient relish and appetite to notice emphatically the want of regard to ‘the eternal fitness of things’ in serving fowl without bacon—an adjunct, as I think, necessary and savoury. The recorded run was extremely good—325 miles; but I imagine that we could not have done this to-day, as the log yesterday appears to have been calculated on dead reckoning, whereas to-day we took the sun. I retired to bed at 10 o'clock. I hope the run will be a fast one to-morrow, and that I shall win the pool, as H. and I have taken two chances.

The pool is managed in this way: as many of the passengers as wish, subscribe a fixed sum—say half-a-crown; each one draws a number, and before the publication of the day's run an auction is held, each number being put up for competition. The gross amount of the realizations, together with the whole of the subscription, is divided equally between the original subscribing holder of the successful number and the individual who bought it at the auction. A subscriber has a right to buy in his own number, and in case it is the winning one he obtains the whole of the pool. This is the ordinary form of pool. In digit pool ten people—whence, I suppose, the name—subscribe an agreed sum. The first nine natural numbers and a cypher are severally written on scraps of paper, in due course folded and put in a hat. Each one draws a number, 8 and the owner of the number corresponding to

the end or unit number of the day's run wins the pool. For example, the day's run being 325, the holder of the number 5 is adjudged the prizeman.

Tuesday, August 21.—I was up early this morning, feeling quite jolly, and ready for the bath. After a walk on deck with H. I was decidedly hungry, and enjoyed my breakfast heartily. The hours of meals were these: breakfast, half-past eight until ten, lunch at one, and dinner at six. Light suppers could be had at nine. I walked and sat, and confessed to myself regretfully that I was less apt a student of the mysterious might of the sea than is Swinburne; of its vast wonders than is Tyndall; and, in fact, was quite bored by it. No land! No land! After all, is it not the converse of the grand and utterly human cry of the Greeks, ‘The sea! the sea’? Whether or no, I am sure I was glad of the artificial excitement of the auction of the pool—amounting to 15 *l.* —at which some very spirited competition was set up. H. bought in our two numbers and three others, but the fickle jade did not smile on us and we did not win. Major Kay did. The run was the excellent one of 346 miles. Thank Heaven! nearer and nearer. Indeed, look at it how I will, to be pent up in a ship, even with an agreeable companion, is very much like being pent up in a prison. Certainly there is a difference. Aboard you can sometimes have a good lunch, as I did to-day. Throughout the afternoon I was luxuriantly idle until dinner, and though not feeling quite so well, kept up (as H. says) bravely. Now, towards evening, a nasty mist has come 9 on, and my fears of fog seem likely to be realised. I do hope it will keep off. To-morrow night we are promised another excitement in the shape of a concert, and I quite long to hear and see the people —perhaps not much less that they may make fools of themselves. In spite of several pressing invitations I have strenuously refused to sing or play. I feel this is rather mean, knowing as I do (as who does not that is entitled to?) how well I sing and play. But H. sees grounds to applaud my reticence, and I am well pleased in pleasing him. Since the fine weather has set in people seem to be more sociable. I have had a few ‘confabs,’ and have learnt some histories. None of them were of sufficient interest to write here. I shall go to bed about ten and dream and wish for the morrow.

Wednesday, August 22.—One thing struck me forcibly on Friday when we left the ship at Moville to go on shore, which I ought not to have left unrecorded. I mean the elegance and grace of the lines of this really splendid ship, displayed as we rowed round the starboard side. I was reminded so much of the lines of Kingsley which commence

‘She rides the water like a thing of life.’

I woke up this morning fresh, and dashed into the bath, which, as usual, put me to-rights. I had a fair breakfast, and on making an appearance on deck was greeted with wretched weather in the shape of a misty fog, which eventually turned into a pouring shower of rain; but, well wrapped up in rugs and waterproofs—by 10 H., I need not say—I stayed in it all through, and kept dry until lunch, when I went down to the saloon, and enjoyed the meal.

The run, which was published as usual at 12.30, was made up in dead reckoning, and reported as 345 miles. We did not join the pool, as the auctioneer—a funny little man, Everett—forgot to put our names on his list. However, H. won two pounds, as he had been fortunate enough to pick out the numbers, and had a bet on them. We have now made 1665 out of the total 2650 miles, so that if no fogs occur we may hope to be at Rimouski, where the mails and some passengers are landed, on Friday evening. That would bring us on Saturday, mid-day, to Quebec. How I long for that moment! We expect to sight land to-morrow, Thursday morning. That will be the land skirting the Straits of Bellisle; we shall then be some 760 miles from Quebec.

To-day I just managed to make out with my glasses an iceberg; I saw it with great interest, but, unfortunately, the weather was very misty. Indeed, throughout the day it has been cold and disagreeable to the utmost. I must not complain, however, of the sea, which has been tolerably calm, and—another point for congratulation—I have had no nausea.

A lamentable event occurred among the steerage passengers: a poor woman was so affected by sea-sickness that she was prematurely confined of an infant, stillborn. It is to

be buried to-morrow, but I imagine there will be no ceremony, as it was not a full-grown child. I overheard a man say that he 11 heard a sailor ask the captain if they should put it through the porthole. A subscription was made up among the cabin passengers, and I added my iota. I wish it had been more, but H. has promised, if it is necessary, to do something for the poor thing when she gets on shore. I do not know if she has a husband with her. Another iceberg has just been announced; I have seen it more plainly—a great white mass.

Thursday, August 23.—I had a bad night's rest, the ship having rolled frightfully. Upon one heave the noise and racket created were to me alarming, but I was calmed by the reassurances of H. After bath and breakfast I went on deck. Land on both sides was in view. It appears that Bellisle was sighted at 5 a.m., when we, little need to say, were in our cabins. To the north was the barren coast of Labrador—barren it was, indeed, for, with the exception of two lighthouses, which indicate the course, and a few white fishing-huts, there were no habitations for miles. To the south was the coast of Newfoundland, and there appeared several schooners and fishing-vessels in full sail. The Channel (the Straits of Bellisle) is not navigable in the winter, owing to the ice which blocks it. The people who inhabit Labrador are French Canadians and Indians; supplies have to be sent from Canada to feed them in the winter, and should the provisions be prevented from reaching their destination owing to the severity of the weather, the fate of the people is to be half-starved. The route the ship takes in the winter is to the south of Newfoundland, 12 by way of Halifax, as even the river St. Lawrence is not navigable. We made a fair run to-day, 336 miles, making altogether 2001 miles out of our journey. The weather was passably fine, and I kept on deck until the welcome hour of lunch; to which, I am happy to say, I did justice. Then, till dinner-time, was occupied by walk, talk, and snooze. Unluckily, it was already apparent that towards the end of the voyage food may not always be very palatable.

The usual excitement of pool by auction went on on deck, the amount, 17 *l.* 19 *s.* , falling to Mr. Frazer, my neighbour at the dinner-table. But the greatest excitement of the day

was the concert. In itself it certainly was the dullest affair I ever had the misfortune to be present at. With the exception of one man, named Clark, who really sang prettily, the executionists showed capacities thin as ‘sky-blue milk and water.’ A Miss Johnson, a daughter of a Judge, seemed prepared to receive applause; to our thinking she was horribly flat. A charming Chicago young lady played all the accompaniments admirably. The amount of the subscription, made up for an orphan asylum, was 8 *l.* 15 *s.* —scarcely a handsome sum. We sighted some porpoises to-day. I have gladly heard that the poor woman who was ill yesterday is progressing favourably.

Friday, August 24.—Owing to the cockroaches I had a dreadfully bad night. I persuaded poor H. to keep the lamp alight, and—ought I to be sorry to write it?—devoted my torturers to death under the weighty novel by Dumas, *Doctor Basilius.* Naturally 13 I awoke in the morning very ‘seedy’; as naturally my bath in the morning restored me to vigour and sprightliness—all the charm of the mere flow and current of life. A little walk before breakfast enabled me to apply myself respectably to the meal. I was joyed, too, with the thought that to-night, about 12, we shall reach Rimouski. For the first time since Friday last the screw will not have stopped. It is really with marvellous care that the engines are governed, and the care is by no means unnecessary; for it appears that the sails, so heavy is the ship in the water, would be useless to send it along even an inch. They have their use in a fair wind, as they take the strain off the engines.

The day has been very fine. We sighted Cape Rozier, the telegraph and signaling station, about ten o'clock, so our friends in England knew the ship had arrived a few hours after. The south coast, which we have hugged, is well timbered; numerous little fishing-villages have been seen, and many sailing-vessels passed. The mouth of the river St. Lawrence, in which, of course, we now are, is extremely wide. Here it is some sixty miles, so that the north coast is no longer visible. The run to-day, taken at 12, at Frigate Point, was 330 miles, making 2331 miles of our journey. Please Heaven we shall dine at Quebec to-morrow night and sleep in a decent bed. Upon fruitlessly calling for some lemon drink this

evening we were assured by a cynical gentleman named Watson (with whom H. had some amusing word-passages) that 6000 lemons had been eaten since we came on board.

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Saturday, August 25.—Our last day at sea was heralded in by a night of misadventures. Not only were our old enemies the cockroaches in full activity, but H. had a nasty cold, and I was afraid he might be ill. In the morning land was clear on both sides up the Lawrence, and we had high hopes that we should arrive at Quebec by noon. I had my bath and breakfast, and went on deck. The land was laid out on the north side of the river like our English farms, but the houses, all built of wood, were more like the Swiss *chalets* than our homesteads. Large fields of cereals and other crops there were, but no hedges. One little village commended itself highly to me by its picturesque appearance; it is called New Orleans. Now, as I write, only fourteen miles from Quebec, we are told that an Allan Line steamer, the *Peruvian* , passes us, which will pick up our letters at Rimouski, and so go backwards and forwards from year to year.

And now the magnificent sight appears of Quebec. The entrance to this truly splendid port is extremely striking. On the north side of the river, which seems to continue in the river St. Charles, can be seen the impressive Falls of Montmorency; right facing one is Quebec, with the citadel on its heights; and on the south side the curious and straggling village of Levis, where we land. As the ship is swinging round to moor alongside the quay the cannon thunders forth the hour of twelve.

Now comes the baggage business, which is clearly to be tedious, unless the foresight of H. in collecting 15 all our small effects, and the shrewdness of the Custom House officer and a *douceur* , are to have any effect.

The *douceur* procured the desired effect. Our baggage was cursorily examined and given over to a man from the St. Louis hotel. Meanwhile we proceeded by a cab to the ferry, went across to Quebec, and took the hotel omnibus. But here I must say, that although I

am extremely glad to be rid of the ship, and although the table was poor and attendance bad, still I am grateful to the old boat for having brought me over safely: except on one or two rolls, I never felt the slightest fear during the whole voyage.

Quebec seems to be a dead-and-alive place, and I am disappointed with it; it is a bad introduction to Canada. In the first place, our hotel (St. Louis) was very indifferent. The system here followed in hotels is the board one. So much a-day—say five dollars—is paid, and that secures lodging and food; according to the class of rooms so the prices advance. All hotels, unless specially advertised, are conducted (H. tells me) on this principle, but at some one can either stop on the American or European plan. All the newest and principal hotels have bathrooms and conveniences attached to them. The proprietors, we may apparently expect to find, are very liberal and bountiful with the food, at all meals milk being plentiful.* A curious characteristic of the Americans is, they rarely drink wine, beer, or alcohol with their

* This forecast was abundantly justified by our subsequent experience. Our *menus* are proof enough of that.

16 meals; invariably they take milk or iced tea, coffee, or water, except, indeed, in the intervals between meals. The St. Louis hotel itself is an old one, but I believe a new building is in the course of construction. I should hardly think it would pay, as Quebec is not a town one stays in long, the great attraction of a garrison being a thing of the past.

After lunch in the American style at the hotel I went for a drive in a *calèche* —a kind of hansom cab on springs of leather, hung high, with the driver perched in front of one. In the present case the driver, an Irishman, undertook to be our cicerone, and show us the ‘lions.’ We drove up the town and turned in the citadel, which appears to have gone into decay since the English regiments have ceased coming here. In the outer ring of the citadel the *calèche* set us down. We had to walk past the guard, and leave the vehicle outside. A sergeant was called and showed us round. Truly the sight of the port and the surrounding scenery was most imposing: I was greatly impressed. It appeared that the

Governor (the Marquis of Lorne) sometimes stayed here; and in point of fact he was there with the Princess at the time. One of the most interesting features of the fort was a dear old tame bear, which I stood close to, and H. patted. All the other pets of the so-called garrison were duly seen, when out we came, gossiping, expecting to find our ‘one-horse shay.’ To our horror we heard that the horse had bolted, that the *calèche* was shattered to fragments, and that our driver and cicerone had been cut about the face 17 frightfully, was wounded on the head, and had received hurts of the body. Finding that beyond our inquiries we could do nothing, our only course was to hire another vehicle. We accordingly drove to the Governor's gardens, Spencer Wood. Our opinion of the gardens was not high. Back at our hotel, weariness speedily brought us to bed—not, however, before we had bought a photographic view of Quebec.

Sunday, August 26.—This wretched hotel has the very worst attendance I ever knew. I see I have been somewhat too prompt in saying weariness *speedily* brought us to bed: we were kept waiting last night nearly three quarters of an hour for a hot bath and mustard. H. had a very bad cold, so I made him put his feet in mustard and water, with, I am happy to say, a good result. We could not sleep very well, owing to the frightful ‘din’—there is no other word for it—made in the passage by the servants and some drunken fellows going to bed. Nor was that all: hardly had we again composed ourselves for sleep, when some incoming passengers commenced to cackle at such a rate that H. had to open the door and protest. Eventually these nuisances were forgotten in well-deserved sleep.

This morning I had the satisfaction of having a fresh-water bath, and could give myself a good soapy scrub. We had breakfast, and went to attend service at the Cathedral—a poor specimen of architecture and internal decoration. I was very glad to go to church, as it really did me good. The service was fair, but the sermon very poor. We saw several of the passengers C 18 of the steamer in church. After that we drove out in a carriage and pair (a two-horse team, it is called here) to the Falls of Montmorency, some nine miles away. We crossed two very shaky bridges, privileges purchased by payment of exorbitant tolls. On arriving at the place we dismounted, and were taxed twenty-five cents each for

admission to the grounds. Walking some distance we saw part of the Falls, and on going on further we came to some steps which led to the bottom—379 very steep steps, with sundry resting-places. We got down easily enough. The spectacle was very fine, the sun shining on the falling water, and the wind causing a fine spray. After feasting our eyes for some time we commenced to ascend the staircase, and my poor knees were sadly put to the test. We rested several times, and finally arrived at the top very tired. We walked to the carriage, and then drove to a field, where we again dismounted; walked across some pass, through a wood, and over many stiles, until we arrived at what are called the 'Natural Steps.' These have great interest, inasmuch as the strata of the rocks have been worn away by the action of the water, to an extent which almost enables one to touch the water's edge. The water came rollicking and dancing along over the boulders, forming miniature cascades, then flew to the Rapids, and dropped in the Falls. The Montmorency has, indeed, its claims, if it is, as I am told, very picturesque higher up. We walked back, and then drove to the hotel. I must confess I enjoyed the whole thing very much. On our way out this morning we 19 came across another *calèche* , the driver of which had come to grief; his nose had been slit up, and was bleeding sadly. No more *calèches* for me. To-morrow we leave for Montreal.

Monday, August 27.—Up very early this morning, I had bath and breakfast, and then went to the station, *en route* for Montreal by the North Shore Railway. This was my first experience of travelling in the American style. The train was made up only of long cars, and we had seats in the drawing-room car. I was very glad to leave Quebec. The six hours and a half of the journey passed very quickly away. I sat outside the car, and, although there was plenty of dust, I enjoyed the ride greatly. The country, too, was quite new to me. The woods had been burnt and otherwise cleared for the crops, and it was very odd to see a cornfield with a huge burnt stump in the middle of it. We arrived at Montreal at 3.40 in the afternoon, having in all completed 2800 miles of our journey. I had heard so much of the Windsor Hotel here, that I was quite prepared for something extraordinary. I must confess I was not disappointed. It is really magnificent. The drawing-rooms on the first floor are very

spacious, and reach nearly the whole length of the building. We got a very good room on the third floor, with bath and all conveniences in it; the bed in an alcove. With the town, some part of which we saw as we went out for a drive, I was less impressed. After dinner we went to the theatre, and saw a piece called ‘The Ten-Mile Crossing.’ I did not dislike it, but H. thought it poor. We judged, 20 however, only from the first two acts, which, at least, were not wanting in variety of incidents. We then left, for the present reason that we are tired and for the prospective reason that we have determined to rise early to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, August 28.—Up again early this morning. We went by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Ottawa, the capital of Canada. Again we had a pleasant run of three hours in a superior drawing-room car, the time passing quickly. We followed the river Ottawa for some distance, and it greatly reminded me of some parts of the Thames. Arriving at Ottawa, we went to the Russell House Hotel and had lunch. Thereafter we went over the Parliament Houses: they were grand indeed. A massive pile of three Gothic buildings with the stones of different colours, the whole had a pleasing effect. The two outer buildings are used for offices, and the centre one for the two Chambers—the House of Commons and the Assembly. A pleasant Canadian gentleman accompanied us; he told us all about the Constitution, which I was glad to know. It is more or less like our own, the Governor-General taking the place of our Queen, and the Assembly of our House of Lords. All members of the Assembly are styled ‘Honourable.’ We then walked round the grounds, which are prettily laid out, and descended into a kind of wooded terrace, which brought us again to the main road. Thence we walked to the Chaudière Falls, which are the Rapids of the Ottawa; not only are they interesting in themselves, they have their mercantile use in providing 21 power for sawing-mills. These mammoth mills we entered, and I could not but be struck by the way in which the rough trees were sawn into planks and other serviceable shapes—boards, spokes, and what not. Leaving the mills we returned by rail to Montreal. I like Ottawa very much better than this place. The whole six hours in the railway-train passed with great ease, and I enjoyed myself very much to-day. A curious and novel sight,

also a feature of to-day, was a great raft, with many people on it, shooting the Rapids. One would suppose that the whole thing would come to grief, but instead of this it glided down each incline with a grace that made it perfectly charming to view. I was extremely tired with my walk, and shall no doubt sleep well to-night. Taking all our journey, with the distance from St. Pancras to Liverpool, we have come 3260 miles, but I shall not consider I have travelled until we get to San Francisco. When we arrived at the hotel it was a quarter to eight, and we were told that dinner could not be served; a little moral persuasion had the desired effect. That is the only drawback to this hotel—one must subscribe to the hours of meals. These are reasonable enough, but for tourists who ‘excursionize’ at all by train it is sometimes most inconvenient.

Wednesday, August 29.—After a good night we were up very late this morning, and in consequence missed breakfast. While H. went out, I, anxious to make the most of the time, gained painful knowledge. I found it possible that one should be entrapped into submission, more or less docile, to the manipulations 22 of a shampooer, whose experience had confessedly not reached to ladies. Overcoming this just cause of irritation with exemplary grace, I solaced myself with lunch. I have taken to drink milk with all my meals, and I like it very much. If any one had told me in England I could have taken milk with hot soup I should never have believed him; but ‘ *autre pays, autre mœurs* ,’ and a very true aphorism is that. We went for a delightful drive in the afternoon up the mountain—Mount Royal, whence Montreal derives its name. Here we had the opportunity of catching a fine panorama of the whole city. From the eminence we could discern that Montreal was an island, with the river St. Lawrence on one side and the Ottawa on the other. In the park of the mountain we were shown the toboggin places, which consist of an elevated platform and snow hills; light sleighs run from the top at an immense speed, and I am told it is a most exciting amusement. On descending the mountain (on whose top, by-the-by, we had some refreshment, served by a remarkably brusque man) we passed through the loveliest cemetery I ever saw. The graves were laid out in the prettiest manner with flowers, shrubs, and trees; while there was in the whole a sense of perfect

peacefulness and grand solitude, intensified by the calmness of the atmosphere. I would not have missed it for worlds. The Catholic part is railed off. The tombstones were well kept. We returned to the hotel, had dinner, paid the bill, and without delay started by the Grand Trunk Railroad *en route* for Boston, some 370 miles from here: 23 luckily H. had secured a state room, so we had the compartment to ourselves. In the Pullman sleeping-cars the beds are much wider than the ones we see in England, and in most cars a drawing or state-room is at the end. The small extra cost entitling to the use of this room is fully recouped by the great accession of convenience. Tickets have not to be constantly shown, doors are not monotonously slammed, the idiosyncracies of unmannerly fellow-passengers are escaped, and there is absolute release from curtains over the bed, with their accompaniment, stuffiness. However, all in all, we have certainly had a most pleasant and safe journey up to now, and I ardently hope it will continue.

Thursday, August 30.—On leaving Montreal we passed through the tubular bridge which crosses the St. Lawrence. It is one mile and three quarters long, and we were five minutes and a quarter passing through it. But it was not till we had passed St. John's on the frontier that we found ourselves settling to sleep—a junction at which the Custom House officer came to *visé* our hand-bags. As for the large pieces of baggage, they had already been examined at Montreal by the American Custom House officers; examined, that is to say, just as thoroughly and just as cursorily as a *douceur* and duty jointly dictated. After this the train ran smoothly, and I doubtless should have slept all the way had not H. unfortunately now become smitten with scarcely intermittent illness. Managing as best we manage might, we arrived at Boston at 8.30. We drove immediately to the Brunswick Hotel. The 24 charges in this country for baggage are something frightful. To take us from the station to the hotel with our luggage we had to pay three dollars, or twelve shillings, the distance being under two miles. We went to bed for an hour, and had a bath and a breakfast. The rooms were very good—sitting-room, bedroom, bath and conveniences all in the room, and on the first floor. I was delighted with this town—‘city’ they call it. Charming gardens, beautiful churches, and pretty houses—a great many with wistaria growing on them—

abound on every hand. So, apparently, do doctors. Upon walking up the street where the hotel is situated I could not help remarking what a number of them lived here. How they do live is a wonder. We took the car to Tremont Street, and walked up Bloomfield Street into the main business street, Washington Street. After a good look at the shops, which appear to yield to those of Paris and London, we went into the Equitable Insurance Office, or rather, by means of a ten-flight elevator, on to its roof. From this point we had a splendid bird's-eye view of the city and harbour. I was impressed with the vastness. We could see the monument erected on Bunker's Hill to celebrate the battle of that name. We determined to visit it, and on descending we again took the car and arrived there. It is a great monolith built of granite, 221 feet high. It is hollow, and has 294 steps—at least so it is said, for we did not care to verify the statement by a personal ascent, contenting ourselves with the purchase of some photographic views. We went, however, to the State House, examined 25 the antiquities, &c., and returned to the hotel in time for a short rest before dinner. All the waiters here are black. I rather like them. In the evening we went to the Park Theatre and saw a piece called ‘Cheek.’ It proved very indifferent. Walking to the hotel we went to bed, I conscious of a recorded mileage of 3630 miles.

Friday, August 31.—We left Boston by the Boston and Albany railroad at 11 o'clock, *en route* for New York, 234 miles distant. A very pleasant run of seven hours through a beautiful country brought us to the really fine stations of what is called the New England district, and finally to New York. During the journey a man came in the cars and took our orders for lunch, which was duly delivered a few stations off. On approaching New York a number of beautiful weeping willows curtained, as it were, the track; and while impressing me with their loveliness, so fresh in their verdant cool foliage, it had the sorrowing effect of reminding me of death, and I felt quite low-spirited for a time; but soon, under the cheering influence of H., I was in the gayest of humours.

And now for New York. We arrived here at six o'clock. I can hardly believe it, to think that I, whose great ambition was to come here, should have attained my wish after so many

weary years of longing! I never was so far away from home in my life. This year will indeed live with me as long as my faculties are left to me.

New York, to put it in due geographical fashion, is an island, bounded on the east side by the East river, 26 and on the west by the Hudson river. Its harbour capacities are enormous, for it has twenty-six miles of wharfage. The ‘Down Town’ is composed of a variety of irregular streets, but what is called ‘Up Town’ is laid out in Avenues and the Broadway—these run longitudinally—and streets which run from river to river, or east to west, are named according to their numerical order, starting with ‘First Street’ and ‘First Avenue.’ There are several squares interspersed; Madison Square is perhaps the most important. The theatres, as a rule, are in the Broadway: so are the hotels; but the ‘Windsor,’ ‘Brevoort House,’ and, of course, the ‘Fifth Avenue,’ are in the Fifth Avenue.

It was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel that we ourselves put up. We reached it, or its vicinity, by car, having arranged for our luggage to follow. Oddly enough we were somewhat familiarised with part of the scene; for we crossed Madison Square, of which we had witnessed a representation in the piece ‘Cheek.’ Once at the hotel, we have found allotted to us a room on the third floor, with bath and all conveniences. I have asked for letters, and am disappointed at not receiving any. But it does not matter; I suppose they will come later, and I feel very happy.

After I had had a bath we went to the famous café of New York, Delmonico's, which is quite close, in Fifth Avenue. It is rather larger than the French cafés, and I must own that they gave us an excellent dinner; but, on the whole, I was not much struck with it. Dinner ended, we went to the Madison Square 27 Theatre, one of the prettiest theatres I ever saw —all of carved wood, and something like an enormous Jacobean sideboard. The piece, called ‘The Rajah,’ I think I saw in London. We waited until the third act, and left and went to bed. The mileage now covered is 3864 miles.

Saturday, September 1.—I rose rather late this morning, feeling tired. H. went out and did not return until one. I was a little upset about him; but when he returned he brought good news with him. He has contrived to get passes for us to the Yellowstone Park, and as far as Portland in Oregon, and on to San Francisco and back. What a journey is in store for me! Again I must write that the realisation of my dreams seems unreal.

We had a light lunch and then took the cars. On some of these (as on some of the English tramcars) there is no conductor, and one pays the driver through a little compartment, who hands to one any necessary change, but receives the fees in a box. The uniform fare is five cents, and you are requested not to pay the man but put it in the box. Although this system is an avenue to robbery, still the company find they do not lose so much as if they had a conductor. The cars indeed generally are of the greatest convenience. There is no point of importance to which they do not extend. They obviate, moreover, the constant use of cabs, which won't move a yard for less than a dollar, nor go any distance at all considerable without a charge of three to four dollars. In the present instance our immediate destination 28 was the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, and our ultimate object the Coney Island Races. We caught the ferry-boat, an enormous structure, crossing thereby the East River. On the other side of the river we took steam-cars, and after a pleasant run of half an hour arrived at the race-track called ‘Sheepshead Bay Race-course.’ The scene here was quite novel to me. It is a course of mound and not grass, as it appears that it would be ‘cut up’ and rendered unfit for running after one or two races. Now these continue for many days, it being found sufficient to rake and water the earth between each race. The place is planned not unlike our Sandown, with the exception that the arrangements are more convenient for the spectators. The members have their stand; the ladies their private boxes; the betting-men a place partitioned off; and the ‘Parieurs’ have also a house devoted to their coterie. The system of the ‘Pari mutuel’ is this: you put whatever sum you like on a horse you fancy, and others do the same. Whatever gross sum is collected is then divided (less ten per cent for the proprietors) and paid out to the owners of the tickets of the winning horse. It is very fair, and the reason it collapsed in

Paris is that they used to return false amounts to the subscribers. Everything was well conducted, and waiters were in attendance watching your requirements. We only saw two races: I was much amused by them. The second was a steeplechase: I never enjoyed any race like it in England. There was a good field, and the horses jumped well, and I had 29 a good view of the whole race. I was very excited. H. did a little betting, but was unsuccessful. We left the course and took train to Manhattan Beach for the Mammoth Hotel there. Here, again, I was impressed by the extraordinary sight. An enormous hotel, with a frontage of 500 feet, possessed a room running the whole length of the frontage and laid out from end to end with dining-tables and seats. In front was a large parterre of flowers and a concert-hall in the shape of a shell, wherein Gilmore's celebrated band discoursed sweet music while we dined. After dinner we took train to Brighton, another sea-beach resort, of many large hotels and amusements. The whole view presented was that of an enormous fair, so that I found it difficult to grasp and take in its meaning or arrangement. Further on, at West Brighton, were more hotels and big piers out on the Atlantic; while in front of the hotels was an extremely high lift and observatory, that had come from the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Here, at West Brighton, we took train to Brooklyn, which is in Long Island. On our arrival there we ran by the cars for three miles through the streets of that city, of the extent of which I obtained a tolerable idea. Descending from the cars at the foot of the bridge across the East river, connecting Brooklyn with New York, we walked over the mile and a quarter of this, the largest suspension bridge in the world. The height of the piers is very great, and the spider-like work of the iron ropes most wonderful. We came out at the end at which the 30 fearful stampede took place in the beginning of this year. We then took the elevated steam-cars to Twenty-third Street. These cars go over the streets right in front of the houses as high as the first floor, and are supported in many streets by only one upright pillar of iron. No wonder, then, if looking over them makes one feel quite giddy. On descending we took the road-cars, which put us down at the hotel. I must confess I gained a very fair insight into the car accommodations of this city, as well as a good conception of its amusements. I have had a most enjoyable day, am very tired, and am off to bed.

Sunday, September 2.—Rising rather late this morning, I found myself in a dawdling humour, and wrote several letters to England. After lunch H. took me for a drive in a buggy with a trotting horse. We went up the Fifth Avenue, and passed the Vanderbilts' new house and other places of interest, the Cathedral included. The ‘swells’—the plutocracy—of New York all live in this neighbourhood: it is, in fact, the Kensington of the city. We reached the Central Park—a charming pleasure-ground, well laid out in trees, lakes, and promenades. On leaving the Park (the grass, by-the-by, is very bad, owing to the sun withering it and the lack of rain enduring for some time) we went up the Seventh Avenue, a very long, straight, level road, of two miles and a half. Here H. made the horse (which put me in mind of Joey A. in its waddling motion) trot, and we enjoyed to the full the pleasant sensation of skimming through the air. At the end of the Avenue is the Haarlem Bridge, 31 which crosses the river of that name, whereby the city of New York is made an island. Here was another five miles of straight road to Jerome Park, where the races are held. The last two miles of the road, sandy and woolly, were excessively dusty. We put up at the Park Hotel, had refreshments, half-an-hour's rest, and returned. The dust coming back through the two miles, already distressful to our experience, was extreme. The road is evidently a favourite Sunday resort of the people. A quantity of buggies and very fast trotters appeared: the sight was pleasant. We went again into the Park, making the tour of it, and thence by way of the Fifth Avenue reached the hotel. We dined, however, at the Brunswick restaurant, the finest restaurant I have ever been in or seen. There is nothing like it in Paris or London. The dinner and attendance were delightful, and we had some Burgundy difficult to excel in Europe. The room was charmingly decorated in a quiet gilt-toning, quite refreshing to the eye. I went to bed early, while H. went to see his friends the Florences, who gave him a fan arrangement. To-morrow we are to be up betimes, as we have arranged to go by boat up the Hudson river to Albany.

Monday, September 3.—It was still early when, toilet over, I had carefully packed the goods which we determined should await at the hotel until we returned. At nine o'clock we left New York from Twenty-Second Street Ferry on board the palatial steamer *Chauncey*

Vibbard , making for Albany up the beautiful Hudson river. H. procured a front private 32 cabin on the upper deck, and the day passed most pleasantly. These steamers are very grandly fitted up with every luxury, and, as the *menu* showed, one could procure almost anything. The shores above New York are prettily laid out with country-seats of New Yorkers: the foliage, so fresh and green in its loveliness, was gladsome to the eye. A variety of towns and villages picturesquely here and there interrupt the view, while on either side the railway runs even to the water's edge. The Hudson river is comparable in beauty to the Rhine. Had it but the old ruins to invest it with legendary lore it would be far superior to European streams, but Nature has done so much for it that one forgives civilisation of an early period for missing it. It is 300 miles long. Rising in the Adirondack mountains, it flows down to New York city, and thence to the sea. It is very wide, though narrow in some parts; so that at times, as one fancies one is landlocked, suddenly a turn is made, and superb stretches of the river are seen. Mountains seem to overhang its banks, and the river is always lively with craft. The stream, or current, is very strong; sometimes after rain it is sixteen to seventeen miles an hour. Many historical places are seen, and a few curious Dutch settlements. The State prison (Sing-Sing) is on the river, in a position picturesque and salubrious. Here, too, is West Point, the military academy, equal to our Sandhurst. On the banks are numerous waterfalls, and I am told charming excursions can be made. The Catskill mountains, the traditional scene of Rip van Winkle's sleep, are 33 passed; and many many other are the places of interest,—I could almost wish my diary were the guide-book of artist or of novelist, so lovely is the Hudson.

At last, however, we are at Albany, 145 miles from New York. We had reached it punctually at 6 p.m. without delay, and pushed on by omnibus to the Delavan House, the best hotel there. We walked for an hour before dinner, visiting first the Capitol, a magnificent building raised at a cost of 3,000,000 *l.* , and then the Park, a charming resort for the people. What surprised me greatly in the Park was the elaborate and abundant florescence: the beds were most artistically harmonious. We went to the theatre in the evening and saw some indifferent minstrels (Robinson and Macallister's). After that we

went to bed. All the servants in the hotel are blacks, and excellent servants they make. One old fellow we had a long chat with, and were not a little amused with his fussy manners. The distance now accomplished is 4009 miles.

Tuesday, September 4.—We were awakened this morning by a band under our window —a military regiment, apparently, passing through the town. The costumes were pretty and striking; the men put one in mind of the French soldiers, only they were much smarter and more disciplined. We left Albany by the 12.15 train, taking the New York Central Railroad *en route* for Niagara (*viâ* Buffalo), a total distance of 322 miles. The country all along to Buffalo was the most interesting we had yet seen; it seemed more like England, with the square fields laid out. The D 34 time passed pleasantly until, after leaving behind Syracuse, Rochester, and other prominent towns, we arrived punctually at 7.40 at Buffalo. Upon reaching the station we went to the Gennesse House Hotel in an omnibus, and had a nice little dinner *à la française.* That over, we resolved to return again by omnibus to the station. The plan was most unfortunate. A violent storm broke. To add to our discontent, amid incessant rain-pour and occasional flashes of lightning, accompanied by thunder, we were forced to submit at the station to a tedious wait of nearly an hour. Nor was this all: poor H. was suffering from the toothache. Till this, I was perfectly charmed with the punctuality observed by the trains; there had been no waiting, and they had always been in to time, or, as they say here, ‘on time.’ However, to-day was a day of disasters. I had been bitten at New York on face, hands, arms, and legs, by the mosquitoes pitifully. My left arm swelled considerably; and on our way to Albany I had constantly applied cold-water bandages, which somewhat reduced the inflammation. But the lady who presided at the restaurant at the Gennesse House Hotel, on inspecting my arm, instantly recommended me to dress it with a handkerchief saturated in a solution of salt and vinegar, using afterwards a little sweet oil. I am pleased to say the proposed remedy proved efficacious, and am quite in hopes that the wounds will be healed tomorrow. Whilst in the train to-day we suddenly heard a noise on the top of the cars resembling the falling of hailstones. On

inquiring what it meant, we 35 were told that it was caused through the escaped cinders from the engine.

When we reached Niagara it was eleven o'clock. The catalogue of our discomforts had been completed by travelling through the last part of the journey in an ordinary car, as there was no drawing-room car attached; there is, in fact, only one class in the country. Our completed sum of miles is now 4331.

Wednesday, September 5.—On arriving here last night we drove by omnibus straight to the hotel, the Cataract House, and went to bed. Thus—under circumstances sufficiently miserable, as my faithful diary tells me—was one of my dreams at last realised. I have always wished—wished till wearied with the wish—to be at Niagara, and here at Niagara I am, perfectly well and happy.

Tired as we were, we slept unusually well, and were not ready for breakfast until 11.15; but before we went down we had—a ‘current’ bath. As this hotel is above the Falls and below the first Rapids, part of the water is diverted and runs into a large stone bath. Over this bath is introduced a miniature waterfall; from a square spout, with foam and bubble, comes rushing out a perfect torrent of water. Here, like fay and fairy, H. and I, with sweet revelment, disported. What a bath! I caught hold of two rings and let the whole volume come pouring on my body, which nearly ached with the force. How I was refreshed! How invigorated, after the dirty, dusty travelling! It is worth while coming to this hotel, if only for the bath. H. engaged a carriage, 36 and after breakfast we went out and drove into Prospect Park. On walking some little distance the Falls burst, as it were, upon me. To attempt anything graphic or worthy in description of the Falls would be idle—no penmanship or description can do them justice. Suffice it to say that they surpassed my imagination; that I was irresistibly impressed with their solemn and awful presence; that the remembrance of them will ever live in my memory. I must add that I always imagined they were higher; but I am told that the grandeur of their magnitude grows upon one, and to-morrow I shall like them even better. As we are on the American side in Prospect Park,

we were close to what are called the American Falls—in fact, not a yard off. They are 164 feet high and 800 feet wide, and the roar of the water is tremendous. We descended in the incline railway to reach the bottom of the Falls. I felt very nervous. It is at an angle of 40 degrees, and is run on a rope hawser, one car going up while the other goes down. The railway is worked on the water-balance principle. On arriving at the bottom, which I was very glad to do, we went into a dressing-room. After removing my hat and other articles of dress I donned a pair of tall rubber boots, a pair of macintosh trowsers, a woollen undercoat, and a large macintosh cloak and cape. The guide took us over some rocks, and we were right below the Falls. The sun was shining brilliantly, and the prismatic effect of it on the spray was enchanting: it was as of many rainbows, large and small. We crossed a small wooden bridge and 37 prepared to go right under the Falls. Here the spray was blinding, and it was all I could do to keep my breath. But I walked with the guide some 120 feet. I went as far as it was possible to go before returning. I am glad I have done this, as I had heard so much about it. I must confess, however, that one sees very little; for the spray is so thick that it is impossible to see. We disembarrassed ourselves of our clothing and then went up in the incline railway again I was as glad to reach the top as I had been to reach the bottom. On going down I felt inclined to lean very much back, as I imagined that my little weight would have the effect of retarding the progress; but one soon surmounts these idle imaginations and reconciles oneself to the position. We walked over the suspension bridge and saw the place where Blondin and other foolhardy performers cross on the tight rope. We were thus brought to the Canadian side. Here we stood right in front and had a good view of the American Falls. The Clifton House is here, and it is from this point that the electric light is thrown on the Horseshoe Falls at night. A Museum of Natural History also stands here. We went in. Really no better private museum exists; at least so H. says, and he has some experience. On the top of the building is an observatory. There we sat, pleasantly broiled in the sun, viewing the Horseshoe and American Falls to our hearts' content. Here again the surprising grandeur of the scene was most imposing, the spray from the Horseshoe Falls rising so high in the air as to appear to form a portion of 38 the clouds, while the roar of the waters seemed

to increase every minute. I feel as if I could spend weeks at this place. On descending we went into the garden and menagerie and saw buffaloes, monkeys, and bears, and also an exact representation of the Indians' wigwams. We drove a little further on to the Table Rock and stood over the Horseshoe Falls; then we drove to the Burning Spring. We passed the Upper Rapids, which are very grand, and over several aerial-like bridges, and reached the spring. It is enclosed in a deep barrel-like funnel, and bears an accumulator with a gas pipe over the mouth. The man in attendance lights a piece of paper and puts it to the gas pipe, which flares up, throwing out a great flame of gas. He then removes the accumulator and pumps up two glasses of water, of which we partake. We find it is sulphureous in taste, but we are assured it is a tonic, and consequently stimulating. The glass emptied, the attendant applies a light. Thereupon the flame, bluish in colour, hovers over it for about a second. It is the carbonated sulphuretted hydrogen gas that bums. We remounted our carriage and then drove to the Whirlpool Rapids. Again we went down in an incline railway, longer and steeper if anything than the other. At the bottom we walked some distance, and here was the narrowest point of the river. The sight was superlatively grand. So great is the rush of water that the waves in the middle are sometimes 35 feet high, and the level of the water is 12 feet higher than at the sides. I felt very depressed at this spot, for it was just here that 39 poor Webb was last seen. That any man could have hoped to live through these Rapids seems to me absurd; that he should have tried to do so is incomprehensible. It is said, scandalously, that he committed suicide, and was sick of life and wife. We ascended the railway and then drove to the Whirlpools. Although there was another incline railway it looked so flimsy that we determined to view the whirlpools from the top. The river looked here landlocked, but, observing closely, one saw it made its escape through a narrow ravine on the right. At this point the water circles in many eddies, and is, as estimated by competent engineers, 460 feet deep. After this we drove across the railway suspension bridge back to the hotel. We had taken five hours in viewing the whole panorama—of course in a more or less cursory manner, but still sufficiently to grasp the varied spectacle. The bath in the morning combined with the roar of the rushing waters, the getting in and out of the carriage, the little walks and railway journeys,

made me quite fatigued and drowsy. I was glad to get an hour's rest before what is called ‘tea,’ a meal comprising hot fish and meat. There are some features of the Falls still left unexamined by us. These we intend to see to-morrow.

I have written somewhat of the agreeables of the Falls; now let me write of the disagreeables. The amount charged for tolls and entries to the various parts is disgracefully high; it is nothing less than a standing shame, both to Canada and the United States, that these things exist. But I am told a movement is on 40 foot to make the whole scene a park, and that it would have been carried out sooner but for the local interest not being strong enough. For there is, first, the opposition to resist of the public caterers of Saratoga, the White Mountain, and other places, who fear that they will lose by the scheme, and that Niagara will prove too attractive. It must have cost quite 14 dollars for tolls and various dues. You cannot look at a bridge or a man under a dollar. We had tea, and then, taking a walk in Prospect Park, saw some pretty fountains lighted up with coloured lights. The effect was pleasing. We were now in time to see the Falls illuminated by electricity. By night or day Niagara is grand—that is, the Falls are; for the village itself is a poor place, and seems composed of bazaars (repertories of rubbish), hotels, railway agencies, and saloons. Being very tired I am just off to bed.

Thursday, September 6.—I have had another delicious ‘current’ bath, and it was most exhilarating. After breakfast we went out, bound for Goat Island. For my part, I think we can see more of the Falls here than from any other place. We stood right over the American Falls, and then descended a wooden tower of many steps; there we found ourselves lodged in ‘The Cave of the Wind.’ Standing right under the Falls, the wind in the south, we could see the enormous mass of water falling above our heads, and see right through it. The effect of the sun was brilliant, causing endless rainbows of transcendent beauties and vast variety of colour. We 41 ascended the tower and went to the Horseshoe Falls, and here again we stood right on them—as it were, only a plank between us and eternity. We crossed three bridges to get to the Sister Isles, which stand on the Rapids, a quarter of a mile above the Horseshoe Falls. The torrents of the water here were very

great, and refreshing to the ear: the noise gave me a drowsy, pleasant feeling. It must be delightful to sit here on a hot summer day. The whole of Goat Island, and the Three Sister Isles, are covered with trees—an underwood of shrubs, flowers, and plants. On both Canadian and American sides the timber rises well up, and creates a suitable background, considerably adding to the beauty of the scene. On the American side are also great mills used for making paper, sawing wood, or like purposes. We returned at two o'clock to the hotel. After a while we took a carriage to the American side of the Whirlpool, for to-day was fixed for the descent of a dummy boat, half as large as the steamboat *Maid of the Mist.* It was to be sent down from above the suspension bridge through the whirlpool, along the rapids into the second whirlpool, and so on down the river. This event caused so much excitement that six excursion trains were run here from all parts of the country, bringing an enormous concourse of people. The shores were crowded: a great black mass of people stood on the railway suspension bridge. We had a capital position, which, with the exception of the start, commanded the entire view. Two false alarms occurred: a few logs and boards nailed together were sent down, and 42 every one thought at first they were the boat. Half-past two was the time advertised for the start, but it was quite four o'clock before we heard the shout, ‘Here she comes!’ True enough, there was the boat, with the dummy paddle-boxes, smoke-stacks, several flags flying, and a dummy man supposed to be steering. Now there is quite an excitement! She rushes down the stream at a fearful pace; now she enters the Whirlpool Rapids, and is tossed and buffeted about to a frightful extent; now, for a second, she is lost to view, and an enormous wave strikes her and covers her. ‘She is gone!’ is shrieked on every side. ‘No, she is not! she will live yet!’ And sure enough, after being whirled round several times and coming broadside down, ‘Hurrah!’ is shouted with one voice; then, with almost anxious cries, ‘Will she live?’ ‘Will she pass the Whirlpool?’ Contrary to all expectation she quietly glides down in the enormous ring, turns round once or twice, and makes straight for the extreme shore. Here she was landed by some boys. With characteristic business adaptability an enterprising owner of a patent medicine, called ‘Garglia Oil,’ had paid the owner of the boat (which had been subsidized by the railway companies and the owners of the two view stations of the

Whirlpool Rapids) 150 dollars for painting the words ‘Garglia Oil’ on either side of the boat. A bottle of the oil was put on board, and whoever brought it back was to have a reward of five dollars. The boat fared very much better than the *Maid of the Mist* , for she lost her smoke-stack and part of the fore of the vessel, whereas the dummy-boat 43 remained intact. I am inclined to think this was Owing to the precaution of having a kind of anchor in the shape of a chain, and a railway iron rail; and that this had the effect of keeping her head well up. Altogether this was a rare sight, and we were lucky to be here at this time. Now to bed.

Friday, September 7.—Another was, alas! my last current bath. We left Niagara to-day. After packing up we eventually drove, at 12 o'clock, to the suspension bridge and the station, intent on reaching Chicago by the Great Western and the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroads. We were fully an hour too soon. This gave the opportunity of taking a farewell look at the Falls, which, although the day was gloomy, looked very fine in the distance. We stood near where the new bridge is to be erected: it will be much higher than the railway bridge. We had some interesting conversations with some of the workmen, especially one who saw poor Webb meet his sad fate. We crossed the bridge in the train. It is seemingly a fearful height. I held my breath to support myself. The train proceeded very slowly, as there is a prohibition against going at more than a walking-pace over the bridge. At the other side we changed cars and secured a section in one of the Great Western sleeping-cars, in which the first stage is taken. The car was one of the worst I have yet been in. It was old, and had no state-room. The inconvenient result was, that the operation of undressing could only be performed behind the bed-curtains, an arena somewhat restricted in space. An hour after starting 44 we walked in the dining-car and had dinner, consisting of several courses, very nicely served, and a bottle of claret—the charge, apart from the wine, being placed at the very moderate figure of three shillings each. What with working at some slippers, catching what I could of the features of the country, and reading, the afternoon passed rapidly enough, till we arrived at Port Huron, where we crossed the river St. Clair, which divides America from Canada. Here took place

a process I had never seen before. A whole train was run upon an enormous steam-barge, taken across the water, and then run on the shore again. Before ourselves crossing we alighted at a wayside station for tea. A rude boor of a waiter attended us, and I would not let H. give him anything. On crossing the river we had our bed made up (being now on the Chicago and Grand Trunk line), and soon retiring passed a pleasant night. The train was very late. There seemed much unnecessary delay. We arrived at Chicago only two hours after our time. By 313 hours of travelling since we left London we have now covered 4849 miles.

Saturday, September 8.—Having entered Chicago at 10 o'clock in the morning, and taken up our quarters in the Grand Pacific Hotel, a palatial building, fitted up with every convenience and luxury I contented myself with a bath—breakfast having been had in the dining-car. H. engaged a carriage and we drove to the celebrated Stock-Yards, one of the great features of this town. Chicago being the nearest important western city to the east coast, it is a 45 great centre for cattle. One reads in the papers of 40,000 hogs arriving in the morning; nor does the importation of other cattle seem out of proportion. Whatever their number they are transported to the stock-yards, there to be slaughtered and sold. We drove along Michigan Avenue, a magnificent boulevard, three and a half miles in length, with charming houses, built in various styles of architecture, and pleasing in effect, on either side. It runs along the shores of Lake Michigan. Here the roads were well laid and very comfortable to travel on. It is difficult to believe the city was burnt down only twelve years ago; it looks much older. We arrived at the yards, some five miles distant, and drove through the gates of this enormous place. It appeared capable of holding many thousand head of cattle. H. had procured an order on Messrs. Armour and Co., the great pork merchants. We descended at their warehouse and slaughtering-place, and were conducted by a small boy to the ‘murderous den.’ I was quite shocked to go in; but with the spirit curious and willing to learn—the spirit which guides, I suppose, all good travellers—I determined to brave the horror of the sight: the malodour I combated by carefully holding a scented handkerchief to my nose. The sight was revolting; I was

ready to renounce the use of flesh for ever. Suffice it to say I saw a few pigs stuck, and left after walking through a pool of blood. I was anxious to get away. I am glad nevertheless to have seen the process, which is a perfect system. The pig goes in whole at one end and 46 comes out as sausages or hams at the other. The process is this:—The pigs are placed in a pen, and a man fixes a chain round the near hind-leg of one of them, and the pig is hoisted up and runs on a railway to the killer, who promptly stabs it. It passes on to a man who disengages its chain. It then drops on a bench, passes through a depilatory machine, which takes every hair off its body, and is plunged in hot water. At this stage it is scraped. It is next cut in two; its viscera are taken out, put in a trolley and rolled away; and so on until it is ready for the truculent trencherman. During all this time—not that the operations are not wonderfully rapid, but that the destruction is wonderfully constant—the farmers may be seen in the stock-yards, mounted on sturdy small horses, with high pommelled saddles, and either curiously shaped wooden stirrups or stirrups of leather like the Mexican ones. The cow-boys, too, who drove the cattle, had, I observed, curiously thonged leather whips, about twelve feet long, which they cracked with great noise and vigour. H. bought me one of these whips, and I shall hang it up in my hall when I get back. We drove back by a different route, passing a fresh series of avenues. In some of these the houses numbered between three and four thousand. The tram-cars of Chicago were run on a principle I had never seen before. They have no horses or engines, but there is an endless chain, which is sunk many feet below the street, and is worked and stopped by levers in the cars.

Chicago is a grand city, full of important streets 47 and enormous warehouses and hotels. We had a walk, I dividing my time in the making of purchases and in examining the Palmer House Hotel, a building similar to the Grand Pacific Hotel, but if anything larger. The drawing-rooms at both these hotels are ‘elegantly’ arranged, and are commodious. We went to the annual Industrial Exhibition, and I was delighted with the furniture there exhibited. A most amusing convex mirror made us look so grotesque that I was really not loth to turn away. After luncheon we drove in the Lincoln Park. It is beautifully laid out, and

here and there are cages filled with eagles or bears, wolves or wild cats. We returned to the hotel and had an excellent dinner. Afterwards we went to the Hooley's Theatre, where a comedy called ‘A Terrible Time’ was played. The principal parts were sustained by the Goodwins. I have not laughed so much for a long time, the incidents were so droll. We are once more at our hotel at half-past ten, and are about to go to bed, very tired. We shall leave here to-morrow, Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, for St. Paul in Minnesota, 529 miles distant, or about twenty hours' run. Chicago is in the State of Illinois.

Sunday, September 9.—As anticipated, we left Chicago this morning by the 11 o'clock train, *en route* for St. Paul, travelling by the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad. We steamed out of the station to time. H. had fortunately engaged a drawing-room in the car, so we had a pleasant time. A dining-room car had been attached, and we lunched and ‘tea'd’ in 48 a most comfortable manner. I am keeping all the *menus* and time-tables, and H. is going to have them bound for me. I shall often look at them and be reminded of a most happy time. What with playing cards, reading, and working, the time passed pleasantly. The country we traversed was only interesting from an agricultural point of view. It appears to be a great corn-growing district, and I am told the soil is a rich, loamy one. We passed out of the State of Illinois across the beautiful Mississippi river, the great river which runs 4500 miles from north to south. The bridge is very graceful with its lace-like iron girders. Rock Island, where the Government powder-mills are built, we also passed. Here the scenery is very grand, and the timber very thick and imposing. On coming into the State of Iowa we touched at Davenport, an apparently thriving town. After tea we had our berth made up, and, reading for some time, I got to sleep and passed a fairly pleasant night. From St. Paul we go entirely by the Northern Pacific, which is just completed, right to Portland in Oregon. When that is reached, and the Pacific Ocean seen, I shall hold myself entitled to assert that I have commenced to travel. The more I do see of this magnificent country, the more insignificant do I feel our tight little island is. With 333 hours' journey we have now been brought over 5378 miles.

Monday, September 10.—Having arrived at St. Paul at 8 o'clock this morning we took the omnibus to the Merchants' Hotel, a large, rambling place, but not comparable with the palaces we have hitherto stayed 49 at. We had breakfast and then walked about, I having had a bath. I do not like this hotel. The table is poor and attendance bad; in fact, we have been spoilt by the superior places we have been in, and consequently feel their loss more. We wandered about the town, with the result that H. bought a gun and some sporting paraphernalia, intending to shoot ‘something’ for me. I rather laughed at the idea, which H. took to heart very much. But still I hope he can fell a buffalo, that I may use the skin and put the head in the hall. We returned to the hotel for lunch, and after that H. got a horse and buggy, and we drove about the town and up a hill, reaching a very straight road eight miles long and proportionately broad. We went as far along it as we could, and found that it led to Minneapolis. Accordingly we determined to go there, nor were our intentions frustrated by our being overtaken in a violent thunderstorm. I saw the forked lightning for the first time. It frightened me a little, but it was truly magnificent. In Minneapolis, it was seen to be very much like St. Paul: indeed, all these cities resemble one another. The storm had left off when we commenced to retrace our steps, but the sky became black again, and the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and I afterwards heard it struck two men dead. We got back to St. Paul and had tea, and then went to bed, as we were both tired. There was a mill burnt at St. Paul yesterday, and we just saw the smoke.

Tuesday, September 11.—From St. Paul we are on the road to Mandan. We left St. Paul this morning E 50 by the Northern Pacific at 8.35. We were fortunate in securing the Pullman, put on for the first time. The Pullman was old, and consequently had no stateroom; but there were not many people in it. Dust abounded, and in consequence of it the windows were closed; an alternative the less acceptable, as there was a very hot sun. There had been attached a superior dining-car, in which we had dinner and tea nicely served. We passed the day agreeably enough. There was an Englishman on the train called M., who became very friendly with us, and is out here on banking and mortgaging business. H. nearly persuaded him to come on shooting with us. He half promised he

would, although I don't think he will. He got out at Detroit city, having first promised to telegraph to us at Mandan, where we propose to rest two days and a night. We also made the acquaintance of a lawyer and his daughter, as well as his sister, a lady of talent, who has lived in New York. It appears that they will spend a few days at the same hotel at Mandan as ourselves. They were very jolly, and we had great fun with them. We crossed the Red River of the North at Fargo, thus passing the border of the State of Dakota. It was a fine bridge by which it was there spanned, but a continuation of piles stretching over some half mile was rickety in the extreme.

Wednesday, September 12.—We arrived at Mandan this morning punctually at 7.20, and are located at the Inter-Ocean Hotel. We have a nice room with the best bath we have yet had, and as we were very tired and dirty I need not say how refreshing the bath 51 was to us. Breakfast over, we took a walk, and telegraphed to M. to come on to us.

Mandan is a village of one long street: it is truly typical of the West. Three years ago there was not a house here; but the fact of its lying on the western bank of the Missouri, and of its being the terminus of two divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has made it spring up like a mushroom. It now numbers over 2000 souls, and has every indication of being a great centre. Bismarck, a town of good population, is on the eastern bank of the river, but it is thought that Mandan will soon outstrip it. Truly civilisation travels westward, and nowhere can one better learn this truth than here.

As we were walking along the street a young man accosted us. We learnt that he knew our names from looking at the hotel register: it appeared he was a newspaper reporter. We were ‘interviewed’ accordingly. I suppose we shall see our names and prospects appearing in the local paper to-morrow. Unfortunately H., as usual, told one of his tales which, said the reporter, he would insert.

The saloons and stores established are, in number, really wonderful. One can get almost anything at them. The railway station, or, as it is called here, the dépôt, is an elegant and

tastefully constructed building. After lunch we hired a buggy and horse, and drove out in the country to a place called Port Lincoln, where there are stationed some American soldiers. H. took his gun with him. I was in hopes he would have been able to ‘pot’ something, but 52 nothing appeared. He made, indeed, one attempt. I had alighted from the trap to hold the horse, and H. looked back and saw my umbrella lying in the road. By the time this was recovered, and he had moved forward to shoot a sparrow-hawk which had lodged on the telegraph post, a waggon and four mules came round the corner and the hawk flew away. Going to the fort the spring of the buggy broke. One of the soldiers directed us to the armoury blacksmith, and we had it fixed. The man was of Scottish descent, and wished not to take anything. Throughout this part the people are most polite and kind. One of them took H. in hand, introducing him to a banker, who, in turn, gave him letters of introduction to a hunter at Little Missouri, for we intend to camp out and have some sport. The scenery about this place is very curious. Large undulating plains are of a soil seemingly good, and covered with grass. As we were coming home signs of storm appeared in the horizon, and the lightning flashed considerably, somewhat frightening me, but, fortunately, we escaped it. On returning to the hotel we had a tea-supper and then adjourned to the drawing-room, where H. and Mrs. H., of New York, played and sang some songs. I had one or two waltzes and then went to bed, very tired. The number of miles now told is 5852, and the hours occupied are 356.

Thursday, September 13.—When we awoke this morning a telegram was handed to H. It came from M., who said he would join us. On going down to breakfast we found him; he told us that if we had 53 not telegraphed he should not have come. He appears a very gentlemanly fellow. He and H. went out and bought stores, cartridges, and all things desirable for our projected sporting trip. They telegraphed to the hunter at Little Missouri (for which place we leave this evening) to have everything ready. I quite look forward to the time when we shall camp out. H. has bought me a pair of gaiters for riding. As we foresaw, H.'s name has appeared in the Bismarck paper, which I shall religiously keep. M., H., and I had our photographs taken this afternoon: they are fairly good. The weather is

not very bright to-day, and I don't feel as well as I did yesterday. We have laid in sardines, preserved meats, and fruits, for our shooting, or, as they call it here, ‘hunting’ campaign. We had tea-supper at the hotel, and then took up our position in the train bound for Little Missouri, where we are supposed to arrive at 2.45 in the morning. Fortunately, the Pullman car had the state-room unlet; the more fortunately, that the rest of the train was crowded. We passed the time until half-past eight playing penny Napoleon, in which I met with indifferent luck; then the porter was called in to make up the beds, and I soon got to sleep.

Friday, September 14.—We arrived at Little Missouri at a quarter to three in the morning. The station was very small—a mere hut. The Station, or Pyramid Park, Hotel was full; we had, accordingly, to walk some distance to the other house. It was bitterly cold, although a starlight night. I was very glad to get to bed, where, by means of blankets, my fur cloak, 54 and the care of H., I soon grew warm and fell asleep. The room was a very nice and clean one, and the bedding superior. We were called at seven, but did not get out of bed until eight. There was no bath, so that I was obliged to resort to what means ingenuity could suggest. These ceremonies over, the waggon came and took us to the hotel to breakfast. The country is most wild; high bluffs, with seams of coal in the sides, surrounded us. The men about the station were attired in picturesque costumes; some were mounted on ponies with enormous stirrup-leathers and high pommelled saddles. The morning was lovely; I enjoyed the whole thing immensely. The hunter, Paddock, to whom we telegraphed yesterday, appeared, and said he could not accompany us, However, H. talked him over, and, if all goes well, he will have the outfit ready in time for us to start early to-morrow morning. Our breakfast consisted of buffalo-steak, which was not at all bad, coffee, bread, excellent milk, and pancakes. A Mr. Eaton is here, and he has asked us up to his house. We propose to reach it on a mount of ponies; the preparations are being made now.

A man called Young, a German, drove us back to the house. He had in his cart a deer and a fawn which had been shot some ten miles away. The sight of them made me quite anxious to go forward. These western places commence with buildings of wood called

‘shacks,’ which the hunters live in; then there are larger wooden houses erected, among them an hotel; then follows a saloon, and so on, until quite 55 a town arises. The ponies arrived at the door of the hotel, the ‘Pyramid Park Hotel,’ kept by Frank Moore, who acted as our cicerone. A side-saddle, with a little iron stirrup which had to be changed for a slipper one, was obtained for me; H. had one of the high-pommelled, high-cantled saddles, with stirrups of wood and leather fronts; M. was a long time fixing his stirrup leather. He is a very charming man, but I do not think that he adapts himself easily to circumstances —an incapacity strange in one who has been a great traveller. He is disposed also to argue points, to the profuse expenditure of time. At last, being ready, we start off at what is called a ‘lope,’ which is equivalent to our canter. We dash up the bluff which leads to the Little Missouri River, where we pass the shack belonging to our hunter, Paddock, who is hard at work getting the ponies in for our projected tour. We ford the river. Crowning the height on the opposite side we see the building owned by the Marquess de Mores, who is establishing here an enormous cattle ranch. And soon we are upon the ‘Bad Lands.’ These were so named by the Indians, who, finding them difficult to traverse, were obliged to perform circuitous journeys in very narrow and broken trails around the base of those curious, conical, and angular projections, termed in Western and Central America ‘buttes.’ The Bad Lands stand at an elevation of 2500 feet above the level of the sea. Their origin is very curious, and the story of it caught my imagination saliently when told to us as follows: —‘One day the land is supposed to have been level, to have been 56 a kind of plateau with beds of coal underneath. In some way the coal caught fire and baked the clay; when the fuel was exhausted the surface caved in, and the masses which were left unburned now stand in gorgeous splendour and bizarre forms, coloured with most brilliantly striking and varied hues.’ Certain it is, that the scenery is to a degree strange; is charged with an awful sublimity which, were one alone, would appal, would raise one out of and above her identity. It seemed to realise my idea of the wilderness, only that in the wilderness I have ever conceived neither grazing nor grass. We went up some fearful hills and down ravines that I would never have dreamed of riding; but example and a new country overbear timidity.

We arrived at our destination, the shack of Mr. Eaton, and received an equivocal welcome; owing, I think; to the owner and Moore having had some disagreement at a previous time. However, we had lunch, consisting of bread and butter, bullberry jam, cheese, and milk; and then, after making some arrangements for the morrow, started off for the burning mine, some six miles on. Upon arriving there we dismounted. The most extraordinary sight I ever saw I there witnessed. Through the earth-fissures a great mass of fire was burning, the sulphureous fumes rising in clouds and withering the grass. I was bewildered. To attempt to describe the scene with any detail would fill many pages. We rode back to tea-supper after having ridden thirty miles. On our way back we saw the Marguerite, a small cañon of 57 moving interest; and, above all, the Cedar cañon, a sight that will ever live in my memory. Oh for the pen of a descriptive writer! The colourings, the grandeur, and the imposing loveliness! Years of distress, or toil, or weariness, would have seemed repaid in the blissfulness of the few minutes of our contemplative gaze. However, the body grows exhausted with extremes, even of pleasure. I was very tired; my face, too, had been bitten. Lastly, the ‘pot’ hat had made my head ache; so, after going to the store, where H. bought me a large white felt hat, I was glad enough to make for bed. The mileage done is now 6002 miles; the hours of travel are 343.

Saturday, September 15.—We were called very early this morning. A basin and pail served for the nonce as a bath. H. fortunately had packed up the night before, so all we had to do was to dress and take breakfast. But what with the dallying of M. and the inertness of the hunter, it was not till half-past ten that we made a start. That I was among those to start was a matter, I felt, for congratulation. Last night I was terribly nervous; the dreadful tales I had heard of the Indians having upset me. I had quite made up my mind I would not go. H. did not argue the point, as he evidently knew I should change my mind in the morning; and sure enough in the morning the look-out seemed not so gloomy, although I was still disquieted. Mrs. Paddock, wife of the hunter, came with us. I was at first glad of a woman's company, but we found she did not add to our comfort. M. took a different route in order to 58 recover a pocket-knife he had lost. We, in the

meantime, called again at Mr. Eaton's, and, by dint of intimating our desires somewhat clearly, succeeded in obtaining something to eat. Having succeeded, we directed our course over bluffs and buttes, but there was no sign of M. The waggon with the tents, provisions, and luggage, was double-horsed, and went famously. I was beginning to enjoy it, but was grievously galled from riding in too small a saddle. In this way, sometimes allowing our ponies to walk, sometimes putting them to a canter, I getting very tired as we neared our destination, we proceeded till, learning from the occupants of a passing waggon that there were fine buffaloes within two miles, my fatigue instantly vanished. I was not a moment in electing, rather than to follow the waggon to the camp, to pursue the game: so off we started, the beasts plainly visible in the distance. Descending into a frightful ravine, and conscious of the ludicrousness of our situation, as first H. resigned himself, and then I myself, to follow the hunter as he ascended the side of some steep mountain, or halted not at its precipitous descent on the other side, we rapidly progressed, if (on my part) with some suppressed fear or nervousness. Indeed, the precipices were tremendous; not only in that they were steep, but in that they crumbled beneath the tread. Carefully creeping our way onward, we reached the plateau. Was there ever anything so tantalizing? The buffaloes had escaped us! Sedately riding back to the track, weary, sore, tired, hungry, and irritated,—H. raced on in front to get tea ready. Still, on my 59 arriving at what is called the ‘Log Camp,’ thirty miles from Little Missouri, nothing was prepared. H. and the teamster buckled to, ground some coffee and boiled the water, cooked some bacon and venison, and administered—I fear amidst grumbling—what comforts they could. The place is a cattle-ranch. Several people were upon the spot, but what surprised me greatly was that nobody offered any help. The tent was pitched by ourselves. H. made ready the bed on the ground. He put his travelling cap as a night-cap on me. I furnished myself with woollen gloves, flannel jacket, stockings, pyjamas and slippers, with rugs and blankets; the consequence was, that I soon became very warm. None the less, from the hardness of the ground, my excessive tiredness, the novelty of the situation, and, added to all, a headache, I could not sleep. Roughing it is a little difficult at first, but I suppose I shall like it by-and-by.

Sunday, September 16.—We left Log Camp this morning at ten o'clock. It was bitterly cold in the night, as I unpleasantly tested by thrusting my head once or twice from under the blankets. H. was up at six, and prepared my breakfast, such as it was, and I had what bath the conveniences of the place would allow, finding that ‘roughing it’ means, at least, the free acquisition of dirt. As this was Sunday we did not start as early as we should otherwise have done. Notwithstanding that H. had borrowed some plaster and bound my poor wounds, I was terribly sore. So great was the pain on mounting the pony, that it was only after some oscillation of doubts that I resolved 60 it was better to bear it than to return after our expedition had been so far prosecuted, and no buffalo yet secured. Accordingly we rode over the prairies and sighted several antelopes, which proved to be beyond the range of gun-shot. Rabbits and chickens there were, but with suitable shot we were unprovided. The scenery here is peculiar. Great plateaux of prairies abruptly finish in steep descending inclines. To these succeed stretches of undulating ground with sloping hills, from whose tops, not crowned in reality as by expectation with foliage, the vista repeats itself. In the far distance are immense buttes and bluffs. Seemingly they are accessible, but the nearer one comes the further off they appear. After riding about thirty miles, and some six or seven hours in the saddle, we arrived at another ranch. Here we purposed encamping. As there were two or three shacks and plenty of cattle we were able to get some delicious milk and butter. The water, too, came from a spring, and was excellent, entirely free from alkali—no small advantage, as the alkaline matters of other waters have, with sun and wind, acted on my lips until they are excruciatingly painful. The fire was soon lighted and supper ready. We opened some of the tinned provisions and a bottle or two of claret—luxuries which we heartily enjoyed. With all the fresh air and exercise somehow I do not feel hungry, and although tired cannot sleep. I suppose it is the excitement. The bed was prepared in the same fashion as last night, but the cold was not nearly so great. M., who had long rejoined us, slept in the tent.

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Monday, Sept. 17.—We left the ranch at eight this morning, and the waggon came on and followed us. We rode off at a sharp pace, but my horse would not exert itself, and I was loth to whip it. However, H. gave me the hunter's whip, and the use was certainly slightly effective. We went on for some miles, intending to camp this side of the range; but on nearing the high buttes we found the springs had dried up. Here we waited while Paddock and his son Billy went to search for water, and it appeared that instead of buffalo-hunting we were water-hunting. While we were waiting M. sighted an antelope; he went to stalk it, H. concealing himself behind a hill to intercept it, should it come his way. M. walked a very long way, but without result, H. returning at the same time. While he was coming back I attempted to mount my horse alone: I failed. Succeeding, however, in obtaining a side-mount on H.'s horse, I started for a trot. In this I was not more fortunate: losing my seat, I fell. But the episode had no serious end, as, caught by my habit, which yielded to the strain, the fall was materially broken. When M., H., and I were once more together, and on our horses, it appeared that in our absence Paddock had returned and told the teamster to go forward, while he himself had left us again, having instructed his wife to bring us on. H. rode forward with her, and I followed with M. My horse was unmanageably slow, H. having taken the whip with him. However, hearing a shot over the very steep bluff, we arrived with what speed we could at the top. There we saw H. gesticulating with great apparent 62 excitement. We rode quickly up to him. Some buffaloes were in sight. Our party now consisted of H., M., Paddock (who had again rejoined us), his wife (a crossed-eye, wicked-looking person), Billy (Paddock's son), and myself. Off we dashed, all of us, at a sweeping pace, and after half-an-hour's good riding we sighted a herd of about seventy-five. On nearing them the bull, the leader, looked up, tossed his head, gave a bellow, wheeled slowly round and made off, followed by the herd. We put spurs to our horses, which were accustomed to hunting these creatures, and they were as excited as we. In a short time we dashed in among them, and the men fired their Winchester rifles right alongside of them. I fired my revolvers, as I was not yet practised in holding the gun. Some of the horses seized hold of the hocks of the buffaloes. We had been told by the hunter to break into the middle of them, as they never turn or charge. After some little time

we succeeded in killing six, and left the remainder of the herd to clear off. The men now dismounted, and the teamster came up, and they all helped to skin the brutes. It was quite a slaughter-house scene, and was very exciting and exhilarating. But a little of it goes a long way, and it is something after all like shooting cows. As time was progressing we left the teamster to pack the skins and meat while we remounted and made our way onward in search for a well-watered place of encampment. Luck did not desert us. Some way further on we suddenly came on a herd of antelopes. H. and Paddock dismounted; 63 they each shot one—H. shooting a fat buck at a long distance. I enjoyed all this very much, and it amused me intensely. Poor M., who seems to wander in a most erratic manner, went a long way round. He succeeded in killing a number of prairie chicken. With all this game, at least, we shall neither want for fresh meat nor starve. After these exploits we shortly found some water (which tasted of grass), and pitched our camp in the open prairie. How novel, how droll, how utterly unlike anything I have ever experienced, are our doings in this new hemisphere!

The waggon ultimately came up, the teamster with it. He is called Byron, and was delighted with our sport. He is a most amiable, willing fellow; he has done everything in his power to make us comfortable. His stories about Western life and Indians are extremely interesting and thrilling. He is a self-denying, good fellow. H. and I have taken a great fancy to him. The hunter's wife, on the contrary, is a lazy, idle person, who never offers to help, and I cordially dislike her. The night was deliciously warm; the moon high in the heavens. Tired as I was with the excitement of the day, it was a long time before I got to sleep. This was principally due to a consultation with H. as to our return. M. was satisfied with what sport we had already had, and pointed out that every day's advance entailed the lapse of two additional days before again reaching the more civilised States. I was of his mind. We accordingly determined to leave in the morning, after having arranged that Paddock and H. should rise at five, ride some way 64 ahead, and return in time for us all to camp that night one day's journey from Little Missouri.

Tuesday, September 18.—Plans made overnight, especially when they concern getting up early, are seldom adhered to, and so it proved. H. and Paddock did not start until half-past seven. M. accompanied them, but it appears that the party, having sighted antelopes, he left them, determined to obtain a shot. H. and Paddock rode about ten miles, and saw nothing but six ducks, which they succeeded in potting, and brought back with them. In the meantime poor M. (who, what with losing his luggage, being without socks, and having his face swollen to an enormous size, seems to be most unfortunate), got his horse into an alkali bog. This accident was most strange, as we had crossed many of these seemingly secure patches, without mishap. He was smothered in the white mud. After he had dismounted Billy took two of the ponies, fixed a rope round the neck of the horse, and eventually succeeded in drawing the poor brute out. M.'s appearance was most ludicrous, and was only rearranged at the expense of much brushing and washing. As H. had left me to pack, I naturally thought Mrs. Paddock would have helped me; but neither would she render the least assistance, nor did her amiability extend in his difficulties to M. By our own efforts we were, however, soon ready. Providing against contingencies—fortunately, as will appear—we made a light lunch of sandwiches, and claret and water. Then, striking out in an easterly direction, we made for a big hill, 65 which M. declared to be about four miles distant, but proved to be twenty. H. had taken my horse and I his—it seemed, at first, with satisfactory result. We sighted several antelopes and deer, and had some shooting, but with no luck. Very dreary was the ride in a blazing sun, with what breeze there was at our backs.

Paddock thought, directly we got over the hill we should have found water. In this he was mistaken. Only when sore and fatigued to the last degree of endurance did we sight water. Refreshing our poor beasts and ourselves, M., H., and I rested until the waggon came. In the meanwhile Paddock and his ‘woman,’ as he called her, rode on. When the waggon came up Byron filled his buckets and gave his poor beasts a drink. After some further slight interval we resumed our weary march amid the drear, monotonous scenery. It was already late in the day when we passed a mark, evidently set up with intention by

some one—H. thought, and as it eventually proved, correctly thought, by Paddock; but M. thought not. Accordingly we journeyed on in our distressing way, my jaded horse being so nearly exhausted that I could by no means induce him to proceed until H. rode behind and strapped him forward. About six o'clock we halted. Looking back we saw Paddock, his wife, and Billy, in conversation with the teamster. It appeared that the mark had been put up by Paddock, in order that we might diverge to the left of the track which we had theretofore for some time followed, as he had found water. F 66 Being now advanced some four miles beyond the mark, we determined to make for Sully Springs, a station on the Northern Pacific train track, which he assured us was four miles further on. Dispirited, depressed, weary, and sore, we pushed on. Night was fast overtaking us. No moon had as yet arisen. But we had a good track to follow. We rode on for fully an hour. It was seven o'clock. Nothing was yet in view. From sheer fatigue I could scarcely keep my seat in my saddle. I was becoming hysterical—when, lo! on looking back, the prairie was on fire. The terror I felt is indescribable. Had it not been for M. and H., I should have fallen from the horse fainting. H. had fortunately filled the canteen with water, and M. poured some whiskey in a bowl. Strengthened and encouraged for a while, I yet sustained an agony of terror; and in my weakness and suffering reproached H. again and again, as if, poor fellow! he could have helped it. We had come quite five miles when Billy overtook us, and that cheered me a little. But still I was in terror of the fire overtaking us, and the blackest thoughts chased through my mind, and my horse would hardly move. However, to conclude the account of this most dreadful journey, we at last discerned the railway light. No one ever welcomed a beacon as I did this. M., mounted on the best of the horses, took the reins of my pony and led it along. At eight o'clock we arrived at Sully Springs.
I was one mass of sores from head to foot, having been ten hours in the saddle and ridden forty-five miles, much of it in an 67 almost vertical sun. I was literally lifted off my horse, and painfully dragged my limbs into the primitive station. H. went forward to the section-house, where he persuaded a woman to cook some supper, consisting of venison and onions, with coffee. I made some sort of meal, and, too ill to sit, lay resting on the table, with two pillows under my head. H. ascertained that a freight-train would call about

twelve; and that if we would go on to Little Missouri, some ten miles distant, we should be sure of securing a bed. He accordingly telegraphed to the hotel proprietor, Frank Moore, to meet us in the waggon. The station-man, an hour after, told us the freight-train was delayed, and that it would be necessary to wait for the passenger-train, timed to pass at two o'clock. The woman of the section-house was most kind. She told me she had six children (prospectively more), and worked like a slave. She had twenty men sleeping in the house, and it was her duty to get up at five in the morning to cook their breakfasts, as they had to work on the railway. The tedious hours passed away, and at last the train came. We elected to sit in the baggage-car, to avoid the malodour of the other cars. We arrived at Little Missouri at three o'clock. The waggon was there. I was driven to the hotel, and fell exhausted on the bed. I could not sleep. Aching with fatigue, and sensitive to the rawness of its wounds, my body was too acutely suffering to find the relief of sleep. Oddly enough, although the place was called Sully Springs, not a drop of water was in it.

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Wednesday, September 19.—I hardly had any sleep last night, or rather this morning. H. got me some breakfast, which I took in bed, stopping there until five o'clock. At that time I had a basin-bath, and drove to the hotel for supper, which consisted of the ducks H. had shot. They proved very good, but made me slightly bilious. We did nothing to-day. H. has settled his accounts with Paddock and at the hotel; and we intend leaving here at a quarter to three to-morrow morning. We shall thus be enabled to make a good start for Livingston, the station at which we change for Yellowstone Park. M. said good-bye and left for St. Paul in the morning. It appeared that Paddock and his wife (who had dismounted) came on with the waggon. It broke down, and they did not arrive at Sully Springs until three o'clock. The waggon remained there, while Paddock and his wife again rode on, reaching Little Missouri at five in the morning. Thanks be to the gods that this camping out is finished; yet, so anomalous is humanity, that notwithstanding the pain and agony I have endured I would not have missed it. It will live with me for ever. I ought to have mentioned that the last night we slept out we heard the wolves howling.

Thursday, September 20.—We lay down last night, everything duly packed. We were called at a quarter to two by John, the general Jack of this village. He is waiter, postmaster, assistant-storekeeper, and what not. We seated ourselves in the waggon with the luggage to go to the station. H. 69 had sold his gun, but as the purchaser wished to return it because it had no sight, H. took it back. When we arrived at the station we were told that the train would be two hours late, and as we were in full time we had two hours and a half to wait. In course of conversation with two men who were going on by the same train, H. again sold his gun. I was glad, because it was so much less luggage to carry. At last the train came. H. had opportunely telegraphed to Mandan to secure the drawing-room of the state-car. As soon as the bed was made up we were in it. We slept like tops. It was delicious: so soft, so comfortable. We had taken care to provide ourselves with tinned provisions, apollinaris, and crackers, as the Villard party on the road had absorbed all the dining-room cars, and we were told that we should get nothing to eat. We were called at seven, but I was so sleepy I hardly heard the call. H. had breakfast at the station Forsyth. About 10 a.m. I had some delicious tinned fowl, the best I ever tasted, some crackers, apollinaris, and brandy. I stopped in bed nearly all day and passed a most pleasant time, occasionally dozing and looking out of the windows. We went through the Crow Indians' Reservation, and saw their encampment, horses, and belongings. Some few stations after we caught sight of three Indians, running as hard as they could after the train. They got in. They were two women and a child. One, the old woman, was perfectly copper-coloured, and had long wiry black hair. She was dressed in a coloured striped blanket. The younger one, a girl, 70 had not at all a bad caste of features. She looked like a gipsy. Both these and the child had rings on each finger. Equally, all three of them were the subjects of the wondering gaze of the passengers. I rose at 6 p.m., and went to supper at Billings Station. After a pleasant meal I returned to the car, read, ate peaches, and went to sleep. We were timed to get in at half-past ten, but did not arrive until one. It was bitterly cold. A waggon was at the station, and drove us to an hotel called the Livingston—an hotel; if indeed a shanty, and the worst of all shanties I ever have seen, deserves that name. A

room the size of a cupboard, sheets dirty—but what was the use of complaint? so into bed we jumped. Our mileage score now shows 6408 miles, traversed in 365 hours.

Friday, September 21.—We left Livingston this morning at ten o'clock by the Yellowstone Park branch railroad, although timed to leave at half-past eight *en route* for Yellowstone Park. There was no Pullman. But this was immaterial, as the distance is only fifty-seven miles. We followed the Yellowstone River and valley, which lie between the Rocky Mountains. It was here I first sighted this magnificent chain. The mountains are grand, and of great height. One peak, called 'the Emigrant,' is 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The valley is simply charming. We were running sometimes quite on to the river, and at others several hundred feet above it. The mountains were covered with timber in many places, and the sun was beaming. The whole of nature 71 presented a soothing and delightful appearance. We arrived at Cinnabar, the terminus, at a quarter to one. We entered a waggon which was to take us to the hotel, some eight miles away, a drive of an hour and three quarters. We passed through a splendid country, up hills and down vales. It would have been pleasant but for the blinding dust I was so hungry that we had to stop and buy some crackers. At last the hotel was sighted. At the right side of it was a large mass of what appeared to be white rock. The hotel is an enormous wooden building, half finished, but very prettily built. It is called the Mammoth Springs Hotel. After having secured our room and had lunch, we walked out to the springs. They perfectly astonished me. Burning sulphur springs, emitting boiling water, which runs down over the white deposits, raising ridges and causing miniature lakes. These are the Mammoth Hot Springs. The variegated colours of every hue, and the crystal-like mountains, were ravishing to the sight. It was a weird, wild, surprising scene. We mounted higher and higher, and found springs upon springs. The distinctly different colours were more pronounced than ever. Here and there was an extinct Geyser, and the lime deposits had changed the crumbling white earth into rock. We walked up a very steep hill, and stood on the top of a Geyser which had been gradually decreasing, and saw the bubbling water ooze out It was quite fascinating. I drank of the water, and dipped my hands into it. This water has with me a

beneficial effect. It seems to do me a great deal of good. 72 The mileage and hours now stand at 6459 and 368 respectively.

Saturday, September 22.—I got up at seven, and took a sulphur-spring bath of natural heat. It was invigorating, but I could not make the water lather with the soap. The bath-room is out of the hotel. I had breakfast at 7.30, and made ready to depart for Marshall's Camp, some forty-eight miles distant. H. had arranged with a man called Mike to have a tilted waggon and pair of horses to take our luggage, and also to seat ourselves in case of fatigue, we proposing to take two saddle-horses as well. At about nine we started. We rode two miles up a steep mountain. About an hour after we started I found something wrong in the saddle: one of the pommels was missing. However, I resolved to bear my woes as best I could, and certainly I had the negative satisfaction of suffering, if as much, not more, than I did on the other saddle. We passed, as I had longed to, through some magnificent forest scenery, and across rivers and streams. The views were varied and grand. We arrived at Norris Geyser Basin, twenty-two miles from the start, at a quarter to two. There were no signs of the waggon, although it was not heavily loaded, and several other waggons filled with people, who had left with us, arrived at the same time we did. It was very tantalising, for H. had agreed to the man's terms, and he had promised that everything should be satisfactory. The hotel here is composed of tents, with two bedsteads and washing apparatus in each of those set apart for sleeping. We had lunch in a fairly large 73 tent, and after that the waggon came up. The driver, who seemed stubborn, said he had been feeding the horses, and was apparently put out when H. said we would push on to Marshall's Camp, twenty-five miles further, that night. I got in the waggon, as I was rather tired. H. rode. About half a mile above Norris Camp the lower Geysers are seen. They throw up boiling water four and five feet high. One casts up a kind of mud at three minutes' intervals. All around smoke issues from small holes and crevices, with heavy rumbling noises. One large hole, which is called ‘the Steam-engine,’ emits large volumes of smoke, which rise to a great height. The waggon jolted me severely, and after going some miles the saddle-horse broke loose from behind. The waggoner got down to

catch it while I stood by the horses' heads. But as I seemed not well able to control them we exchanged places—the waggoner attending to his team, and I catching my horse. I walked with the horse quite three miles. H. then came up and put me in the saddle. We jolted on, alternately overtaking and being overtaken by the waggon. We went on and on until the sun went down. As it was a new road I began to be frightened, the horrors of the prairie ride stealing over me again. The horses were quite exhausted, and I was getting chilled and numbed with cold; my body was sore, my teeth chattering: a death-like feeling came creeping over me. At last H. made me jump off the horse and walk beside it. That cheered me considerably; I became warmer. After going an interminable distance, and stumbling over snags and 74 stones, and suffering misery, we sighted a light and a tent, and hailed them with joy; but only again to be disappointed, for on inquiring it appeared that Marshall's Camp was a mile and a half further on. There was nothing to be done but to go forward. But that last half mile—it seemed illimitable. At last another light and camp fire greeted our eyes. Here again it was to our momentary disappointment. We were informed that Marshall's Camp was across two rivers: a man was, however, good enough to show us the way, and ten minutes later, after fording the two streams, we arrived at a large wooden shanty. Several of the people who passed us on our way came up to welcome us and express their concern. However, all was well. After having a very bad supper, chiefly of elk, we were obliged to put up with a mattress on the floor of the dining-room, as every other room and part of the house was occupied. This was better than the tent. We had fortunately brought blankets and pillows from the Mammoth Springs Hotel, and with these and our wraps we made up the bed and soon fell asleep. Thus ended one of the most eventful days of my life. I never can forget the last five miles of that memorable ride, and I trust I shall never feel in a like deplorable state again. I had ridden forty-eight miles, and had been ten complete hours in the saddle. I had no idea I could endure so much fatigue.

Sunday, September 23.—It was necessary to rise at half-past five, as the people were coming into breakfast at six. Six was accordingly also our breakfast time. H. has so arranged that we shall cover 75 the whole park in four days, instead of in five or six as the

waggoner suggests. H.'s plan is, that we ride the two saddle-horses the ten miles to the Upper Geyser Basin, and return back here to-day; that we rest the team-horses both to-day and to-morrow; that we hire a team from here on Monday and drive that day to the Cañon Falls and back; that we return to the Mammoth Springs on Tuesday; and that so we catch our boat at Portland on the 29th to San Francisco. In pursuance of this plan we had the saddle-horses and rode up to the Upper Geyser Basin. Fortunately, though alone, we found our way: we afterwards met a guide. The scenery is very beautiful. About four miles on the way up we came to some boiling lakes, where the steam rises in the air like clouds. On getting to the windward side we could look down many feet, and saw the grotto-like formations of their depths. Some of them appeared like emeralds, others like rubies, other like black mud. We saw also the famous Geyser, ‘Old Faithful,’ which, curiously enough, vomits forth the boiling water every hour regularly. We were there at eleven o'clock, and it forewarned us by making a tremendous gurgling noise. After a few minutes it sent up a great volume of boiling water, which had the effect of a fountain two hundred feet high. The sight was splendid, and it lasted quite five minutes, then relapsing to its former quiescent state. The day was very hot and sultry. It was our good fortune further to witness the Geyser called the ‘Bee Hive,’ in play. This Geyser is of very uncertain action —a lapse of weeks some 76 times occurring between two outbursts. Between our visits to these different Geysers we had arrived at the Camp Hotel and loosed the horses. We now returned and rested outside the tent. We had an indifferent lunch. After it we mounted and rode leisurely down to Marshall's Camp, well pleased with the day's wonders. All along the road there are various Geysers, sometimes at work, sometimes not; but always boiling, always rumbling, always emitting large volumes of steam. This evening we had a room and a bed, comfortable, notwithstanding its straw mattress, on account of clean sheets. I had retired at half-past six, thoroughly tired; but was and am disturbed by the fancy, which H. combats, that there is a mouse beneath my pillow. My face is red, and my lips in pain from dust, which, being charged with lime and alkaline matters, creates this dreadful chapping and swelling. The day's ride amounted to twenty-two miles.

Monday, September 24.—We were up again this morning at a quarter-past five. I had a good night's rest and felt better for it; my face and lips are still painful. We entered the waggon at six o'clock. It was bitterly cold. The nights here are very severe as a rule; owing to the high altitude it generally freezes. I had plenty of wraps and woollen gloves, and was soon in a glow, especially as the sun gave out its grateful warmth. The driver of this team is a very pleasant man, and is named Hank. He was full of the English, telling us how much sooner he would work for them than for the Americans. The waggon 77 was well horsed with a pair of fat ponies. They went exceedingly well, the roads being good. Added to this, the scenery was charming and the air bracing, so that altogether we felt very well and enjoyed ourselves immensely. I ought to have mentioned in yesterday's summary, that on riding back from the Upper Geyser Basin we met several of the Villard party, Germans and Englishmen—the former apparently not particularly *au fait* on horseback. We passed a charming lake, an extinct Geyser, and sulphur mountains—all in our way to the Yellowstone River and its rapids. At half-past ten we arrived at the Tent Hotel. Hank then took us about a mile up a very steep hill. We saw first the Grotto Fall, a most graceful sylvan retreat, and then the Upper Fall, which is charming. After sliding down a precipitous declivity we arrived at what is called ‘the Lookout.’ Here was the most stupendous sight I ever saw. It was the great Cañon and the falls of the river. To attempt to describe the scene is hopeless. There can, I think, be no one who, by pen or brush, could depict it with justice. The wonderful colourings, the great height, the forms and windings, are godlike. I would not have missed it for worlds; it will ever live in my memory. After feasting our eyes for some time, and feeling we wanted more and more, we ascended. The ascent was accomplished with much ‘knee-treading.’ But the scenery all along the road is so thoroughly magnificent that I was entranced and delighted. Although there is no point of comparison between this and Niagara, still, as a sight, the latter 78 pales before this mighty work of the Creator. In every phase it mocked imagination: it filled us with exceeding wonderment.

Arriving at the Camp Hotel we had one of the best meals we have had in the Park, and one of the cheapest. Indeed the Park is in no part dear, as the price throughout is one dollar a meal. We left at half-past one, and the little horses brought us back royally. We arrived at Marshall's at six o'clock. We stopped on our way and I had a glass of hot sulphur water, which I think does me good. The waggoner, Mike, was not here; we were afraid he had let the horses out, but found he had not. I retired to bed at seven very weary and fatigued, my lips painful and swollen.

Tuesday, September 25.—After some trouble with Mike, who threatened H.'s life, we induced him, at about six a.m., to proceed. A quarter of an hour after we mounted our steeds and loped away, glad to leave a place with so ill-conditioned a commissariat. Of course the whole tract is new—new, at least, to the tread of the merely curious traveller—and one ought not to expect much. Beside there are signs that substantial requirements will in coming years be better met. There were several of the Villard party staying at Marshall's, and they were also leaving to-day for the Mammoth Springs. We soon overtook the waggon, and arrived at the Norris Basin Camp at ten o'clock. It was quite surprising how short the distance seemed, and how the time flew by, although my horse went anything but well. The poor thing 79 seemed ill, and has doubtless been over-ridden. The day was delightful, and although we experienced great cold at starting, still the riding soon made our blood circulate and ourselves warm. The road was lovely. We forded the Fire Hole River, which runs beside a noble cañon, and the rushing of the water was like music to one's ears. The waggon came in about twenty minutes after us, much to H.'s rejoicing, who, not without reason, feared some scurvy or knavish trick. Mike attended to the horses while we had breakfast and engaged in talk with some of the Villard party, who had ridden part of the way with us. At half-past eleven we sent the waggon on. We soon followed. After going some ten miles my horse cast a shoe, and, in consequence, went by no means well. He seemed to travel on three legs. About four miles further ahead (I had left H. behind) the poor beast stumbled and fell. I was thrown on my shoulder to the ground. The sum of my grievances was a slight shock. Picking myself up, I waited for H.

to arrive. As for the horse, it got up and commenced feeding immediately. H. soon drew near, and galloped to my beck. He was astonished on hearing of my accident. Forthwith riding on to bid the waggon stop—it was, fortunately, but a short distance ahead—he was enabled to seat me inside, tie the horse to the end, and place us once more *en route.* I was rather annoyed, as I should like to have ridden the whole distance. After descending a dreadfully steep hill we sighted the Mammoth Springs Hotel at four o'clock, and very glad we were to get there. H. settled with 80 the waggoner without comment. I am awfully pleased with our expedition, and that it is over. It is hard work, quickly accomplished. In four days we have ridden and driven 188 miles. Thoroughly to acquaint oneself with the features of the Park would at present take fully a month. In five years' time the place will doubtless have its railways and stages, and be robbed of its picturesqueness. But, to descend from speculations, we revelled in a basin-bath and had the pleasure of getting into clean things. The taxidermist has prepared the buffalo and antelope skins. With these symbols of spoil we start for Livingston tomorrow. We had dinner, and after writing some letters and buying some photographs went to bed at half-past seven.

Wednesday, September 36.—The waggon H. ordered did not fail us: packing was finished, bill paid, and hotel left by a quarter to eleven. H. rode on horseback, and I went in the waggon. At half-past twelve we arrived at the railway track. As the train had just come in we mounted it and waited until a quarter-past two, when it started. Fortunately I had had the forethought to have some lunch made ready to hand, and some claret being accessible, our physical wants were fairly met. But this moderate beginning was in no sense half the battle. It took four hours and a quarter to drag along the length of the fifty-seven miles. What with face and lips still painful, and the tedious delay, I must confess I was a little irritated. But we at last arrived, even at Livingston. We went to the Merchants' Hotel and 81 had dinner. H. has telegraphed for a state-room in the car, and I hope it is allotted to us. For we go from here to Portland, a journey of two days and two nights. There we should arrive in time to catch the boat on Saturday morning. My register of miles and hours stands at 6510 and 372.

The train was an hour late and there was no stateroom. However, we obtained a section and were soon to bed.

Thursday, September 27.—To-day has been spent in the train *en route* for Portland in Oregon. We did not sleep very well, owing to the alternating vagaries of two infants in arms. There was a dining-car fortunately attached, and we had breakfast at half-past seven and dinner at half-past twelve, and did sound justice to them both. As the dining-car was to be detached, H. caused some food and a bottle of claret to be packed up. It was fortunate we took this precaution, as at the place at which the passengers stopped the supper was, according to the account of some of them, execrable—onions and bread, and those very bad. The scenery along the route was charming and varied. We passed a Chinese encampment of considerable size. It was most interesting to watch these Celestials cooking, washing, and otherwise engaged in domestic arrangements. Their method of weighing a live pig was peculiar. A pole holding the pig by the four legs was adjusted on the shoulders of two Chinese, and then a balance was fixed and the result of the weight obtained. The day passed pleasantly enough, and after our picnic dinner we retired G 82 to rest at seven o'clock. I worked during the day at H.'s slippers, and read in the ‘Rose Library.’ The passengers presented few features of interest.

Friday, September 28.—We both passed a most pleasant night, sleeping soundly. We breakfasted at Wallula Junction, not far from Walla Walla. Just before Wallula is Ainsworth, also in Washington State. It is at the confluence of the Columbia and Snake Rivers. This Snake River we crossed on an enormous boat, which, being not large enough to carry the whole train, brought it over in two sections. I am thus reminded that I ought to have recorded a curious incident in yesterday's journey which amazed me very much. In one part of the road the acclivity was so great that the train had to be divided in two parts. The front part was slowly drawn by two locomotives up a steep mountain, while we in the hinder part watched, with anxious interest, the windings, appallingly tortuous, with which it curved and writhed around the sides. We dreaded an accident, not the less reasonably

that one had occurred here some time ago. The engineer lost control of the locomotive, and it slid back. Fortunately no results disastrous to life or limb ensued. After witnessing this scene and calling to mind this accident it became our turn. Curiously, we were filled with wonder rather than alarm. The sight fixed attention. Crawling round and over the mountain, the lumbersome machinery, freighted with life, moved lazily, distorted to a thousand shapes; or else we were crossing a viaduct-bridge 226 feet high, yet made of wood, which creaked and groaned painfully 83 beneath our weight. This bridge was made lately. In constructing it a tight-rope walker was hired to carry ropes across at seventy-five dollars a-day. We were told that seven men lost their lives in the building of it. After crossing the river we got into the most dreary desert of alkali and sagebrush imaginable. The sand and dust blew everywhere. This made it imperative to keep closed all the windows and doors of the car. The heat was suffocating. At half-past nine we arrived and breakfasted, as I have said, at Wallula Junction; an oasis, as it were, in the desert. The breakfast was a very poor one. How I longed for a comfortable meal! At this junction the line to Portland is called the Oregon and Steam Navigation Line, but it is under the control of the Northern Pacific. The scenery here was still of the same desert character; but after a time the beautiful Columbia River came in sight, though the atmosphere was too hazy to permit of its being well seen. This haziness was caused by the forest fires, the smoke of which darkens the country for many hundreds of miles. I worked away at the slippers until my needle broke, ate peaches and grapes, read, and so on, until we arrived at Dalles at half-past three for dinner. No town so novel had I yet seen. The train runs through the main street, and every other shop is a store or laundry kept by a Chinaman. Indians, too, were about, and—a matter of rarity—one of them working. The whole place had a curious and most interesting effect. It is built on the banks of the Columbia. Just before arriving at this station we 84 passed an encampment of Indians, whose special employment seemed to be catching salmon and drying them. The salmon on this river used to be so numerous that, passing through a shoal of them, steamers with the paddles at the stern have been known to throw them up on deck. One of the largest canneries of the world is situated somewhere on this river. We had a fairly good dinner and re-entered the cars. As the

approaching scenery was the best on the river the conductor brought us two stools. We sat outside the car, and amply repaid were we. On leaving Dalles we crossed a curious wooden bridge of great and high dimensions, and then ran through some of the loveliest scenery, alpine-like, but more grandiose. The beautiful green firs standing out of the yellow grass, with the dark mountains at the back, formed a most harmonious picture. The tints blended in a beautiful manner. Enormous cañons of deep, dark rock, with tremendous boulders standing out in high relief, as if uncertain whether they should fall and crush us; tunnels cut through massive rocks, and other extraordinary results of engineering skill—I never saw such railway construction. If the weather had been brighter this paradise would have been still more delightful. The last hour of a long journey is always the worst, and it seemed as if it would never pass. *Enfin!* Here we are at Portland, and, take all in all, I never felt a journey less. My lips are nearly well.

While in the train we learnt to our dismay that the date of the departure of the boat had been postponed until Monday, October 1st. So there is no help for 85 us: we must stop in Portland until Monday. Very troublesome is this, after all our endeavouring to get here in time. We arrived at 7.35, and took our seats in an omnibus which crossed the steam-ferry. We were driven to the Holton House Hotel. The hotels here are conducted on what is called the European system. No meals are served in the house, but the guests procure what they want at the restaurant. On our way to the hotel, H. and I peered out of the windows to see what the town was like. It is a biggish place of 35,000 inhabitants. There was some little difficulty in getting a room, but we finally succeeded in having one allotted to us on the second floor. Taking a cab to Eppinger's, the celebrated restaurant of the city, we were agreeably surprised at having a charming little French dinner served in a really style. After dinner we made one or two purchases, and returned to bed very tired. This is a curious hotel: there are no bells in the bedrooms, and there are other defects of convenience. But the room is large and airy, the bed clean and nice, and we can put up with the absence of small comforts. We have travelled 7391 miles in 417 hours.

Saturday, September 29.—As I was very tired and unwell I stayed in bed until three o'clock, and rested myself thoroughly. H. went out and had breakfast, changed some money, got the steamboat tickets, and brought me in something to eat. I wrote some letters, and went out at six o'clock to dine at Eppinger's. In the evening we went to the New Market Theatre, a quaint, church-like building, and saw a 86 piece called ‘The Serious Family.’ H. recognised one of the actresses, and asked her to lunch with us on the next day. But she neither answered his note nor came. I went back to the hotel at half-past nine, and then to bed.

Sunday, September 30.—I was up this morning by half-past eleven. After breakfasting at Eppinger's we went for one of the loveliest rides I ever had. Our outward course was through a forest glade of seven miles' length, and our homeward course by the side of a cañon through magnificent timber. The curved roads were very beautiful, and I enjoyed the ride exceedingly. We returned to the hotel at five. The environs of the town of Portland are exceedingly pretty. The charming wooden houses, with rich verdant lawns, are especially refreshing. This must some day be a great city. We went to Eppinger's to dinner at seven. We received a guest just after five. H. had found at the bar of the hotel a letter addressed to him, which proved to be from the actress. She had written two letters, but no one had troubled to bring them to us. H. went round to her hotel, and finally brought her to dinner. I was very glad to meet her. We spent a pleasant evening, H. and she talking over old times. We saw her back to her hotel, and I was very much touched on parting. I read a notice in the newspapers about her, and have brought it back with me. The hotel she is stopping at is the one we ought to have put up at. We went to bed at about eleven.

Monday, October 1.—Up about ten, I dawdled till 87 twelve. At that hour we breakfasted, as usual, at Eppinger's. After an easy perambulation through the streets, and a purchase of photographs in its course, we called on Miss Hatch (a young lady whom, with her father, we had met in the Yellowstone Park). She was staying at the Esmond House. Our principal object was to return her the spectacles and veils she had been good enough

to lend me. We continued our walk up the main street, so that I have taken in the whole town. But I am weary of it, and shall be glad to be quit of it to-night. We were delayed by our washerman an hour, from six to seven, in dining. This was our last meal at Eppinget's. Returning to the hotel at eight, we found our washing, paid our bill, and started in a cab for the steamer on the Columbia river. We arrived on board at nine. The vessel was lighted by electricity, and was luxuriously fitted up. H. exchanged our cabin below for one on the deck. We were fortunate enough to get the bridal chamber. How I wish we can get such a cabin going back! We drew into a very comfortable bed at ten o'clock. The boat is to start at twelve, and she is called the *Queen of the Pacific.*

Tuesday, October 2.—I had a good night's rest, and did not feel the steamer start. After a nice, well-served breakfast of fresh smelts, we went on deck. We were still in the river, and a diorama of surpassing scenery was unfolded. To us it is really charming. At half-past twelve we lunched and arrived at Astoria, the town at the mouth of the river. We were to take on board three thousand cases of salmon, but it 88 appearing that we could only take them at the cost of losing the tide, the captain decided not to take them. At half-past one the doors and windows were closed, as we were passing the bar. What a crossing it was! The ship rolled and tossed, and I thought we were about to be capsized; but finally we were over, and as we passed, I saw the wreck of a vessel that had come ashore. The goods in the cabin were violently pitched about. There was one incessant rolling the whole time. I was so frightened that I took to bed. Indeed we were very fortunate in safely crossing this treacherous bar. For it appears that the breakers were so boisterous that the steam-steering gear broke down, and that only by indefatigable efforts was the wheel manned. The captain said at one moment he would not have insured our lives in a penny, as he thought we should all go down. No wonder, then, if, as the afternoon passed, I could take nothing with the exception of a biscuit; or if after H. had taken dinner he too came to bed, and we vainly tried to sleep. I was very uneasy, distrusted the ship, and bore, with all my other burdens, a nasty cold.

Wednesday, October 3.—The weather had changed a little and the wind was now with us. The sea had gone down and the sails were set, so that we sailed more pleasantly. But the ship is so lightly laden that we are top-heavy, which is the reason of its rolling so much. I stayed in bed all day. My meals were brought up to me, and the day was passed in reading and dozing. To-morrow morning, I gladly anticipate, we shall arrive at San Francisco, probably about six. 89 I am so weary of this journey, and quite dread the idea of returning to England by sea.

Thursday, October 4.—We arrived at San Francisco this morning. The Golden Gates of California were entered at seven o'clock. We were at the wharf at eight o'clock. H.'s friend, B., the husband of the actress we recognised at Portland, met us. We drove in a trap to the largest hotel in the world, ‘The Palace.’ Here I received my letters and hastened to read them. After my excitement had abated I went up to a very nice bedroom, had a bath, and commenced answering my letters. We have now covered 8091 in 471 hours.

We went out with B. and had breakfast at Garcia's. Here I tasted good fish again. H. went to see if he could get a berth on board the *Servia* , which leaves New York on the 31st of this month. After breakfast we went over the Law Courts. I was very much struck with the roominess and space of the courts, which are very nicely furnished with good carpets and comfortable chairs. My sister Avis has written to me a foolish letter, saying if I want my sister Sarah's address I am to let her know. We drove to the Post Office to find out her address, but as there are several Crockers here it is a search for a needle in a haystack. I got one or two addresses, and we took a carriage and drove round, but with no good result. Accordingly I have telegraphed to Avis to wire Sarah's address, and I am anxiously awaiting her telegram. I am delighted with what I have seen in our drive of the city. It is by far the finest in the 90 States. The shops are magnificent; the streets long and wide; cafés good: the private dwelling-places are also very grand. Each of them stands in its own grounds, and most of them have charming gardens, with palm-trees and lawns. They are, as a rule, built of wood, in highly artistic style. In the immediate vicinity there are a great

many hills. From the prominence of one of these I had a good view of the whole of the town. There are nearly 300,000 inhabitants, and everybody seems busy. The cars are run on the endless-chain principle: we are promised an opportunity to examine the machinery of their working to-morrow. My cold was so troublesome that I had to go to bed for a short time, but I was up again for dinner. We dined capitally at an excellent restaurant, the 'Maison Dorée,' afterwards we went by cab to the police-office. Our business there was to arrange for a detective named Mac to take us to what is called 'China Town'—the part of San Francisco in which the Chinese live. He was a first-rate guide, but a little inclined to be garrulous. We entered a druggist's and saw the owner writing and weighing out herbs. Then we made for a barber's, where the heads of Chinamen are clean shorn, leaving only their pigtails. A laundry, to which we next paid a visit, showed us in operation that part of the Chinese washing process which apparently consists in a man's filling his mouth with water, squirting the water in a spray over the clothes, and subjecting the moistened clothes to the iron. A lodging-house beneath the pavement was our next 91 land of wonders. In these, Chinamen sleep like so many flies. Some of the rooms are forty or fifty feet beneath the road, and the stench is overpowering. Nearly all the occupants of the room we entered were smoking opium, enjoying the incipience of the stupid state. We were, in the fifth place, taken to a pawnbroker's. We saw the various pledges, and bought a knife-fan curiously worked. At a Chinese café, to which our guide next brought us, the tables were laid out for a feast. One man was eating rice with chopsticks, which the Chinese use most dexterously, dipping them into pickles or oil, and eating quite as well with them as we with a spoon or a fork. We then went to a Secret Society Hall, saw an altar with the idol and a lamp burning before it, and had explained to us the various rites that are performed. From the sacred hall we passed to a house in which were Chinese women, of whom one, sallow of flesh and not pretty of figure, was in nature's garb. A Chinese theatre was the last of this curious succession of spectacles. We were there allowed the privilege of going behind the scenes. The properties were strange to us; the actors we saw 'make-up' their faces; and on the stage itself we witnessed part of a drama. The plays continue for an indefinite period, and sometimes last for a year. The theatre was crammed with a

Chinese audience, who seemed very much interested in the performance. The music was composed of cymbals, which were vigorously clashed, of a little drum, and of a wire guitar —the whole scene presenting a bizarre aspect. The actors 92 came on with a majestic and pretentious stride. They sang in a very strange—cat-like—manner. One woman, highly rouged, seemed to be a queen, for great deference was paid to her. The place was so hot that we were glad to escape, and although one half of the sights were unseen I was so tired and ill with my cold that we dismissed our cicerone. Taking the cars we returned to the hotel. There I took a strong mustard bath and a dose of medicine, and retired to rest, very interested and pleased with my first day in San Francisco.

Friday, October 5.—Although I took a strong mustard bath last night I did not feel much better this morning. My cold troubled me severely. I was the more annoyed because I was to have my photograph taken. However, I got up, after a light breakfast in bed, and went to the photographer's. H. dressed me in a shooting costume, composed of his jacket, pants, gaiters, and spurs. I was told by him I looked very well; and I have come out satisfactorily in the negative, with my gun, the deer's head, and all the accessories. We then went to a more substantial breakfast with H.'s friend, B., at the Maison Dorée, after B. had sent for the little girl, Mina, his *soidisant* daughter. And after I had ascertained that no telegram had yet arrived from my sister Avis, we all got into a carriage and drove out through the Park to the Cliff House. The Park, which is mostly reclaimed from the sea, is very prettily laid out. The palms and firs are especially fine. The Park runs right to the seashore, so that after leaving it we 93 were in full view of Cliff House, an hotel situated on an eminence of a rock beetling over the Pacific. It is placed on the south side of the Golden Gate. In front of it are several rocks covered with sea-lions and seals and birds. These birds, in order to preserve the natural beauties of the scene, are not allowed to be shot at or touched. We stayed here some time, watching and listening to the sea-lions and seals, as they gambolled and vigorously barked. We then returned to ‘Frisco’ by another route. On our way we stopped at the office at which the machinery that works the chain-cars is in action. I grasped the principle readily, surprised to find it so much simpler than I had imagined.

An endless cable running on wheels is kept in continuous motion for nineteen hours out of the twenty-four. When it is desired that the car should go forward, a man in it releases a lever, which thereupon grips the cable. The car is thus carried along with the cable at the rate of seven miles an hour. On the other hand, when it is wished to stop the car, the man loosens the grip of the lever and so lets the cable go on its way. We dined at the ‘Poodle Dog,’ and had a very good dinner; if anything, too generously served. We afterwards went to the Circus, which was very poor indeed. I was glad to get away and home to the hotel to bed. There is still no telegram.

Saturday, October 6.—1 did not feel very much better this morning and did not get up very early. I was so glad to hear H. had secured the engineer's cabin on board the *Servia* , by which we shall start 94 on the 31st of this month. H. and B. came back to fetch me to breakfast. They reported that the photograph was a great success; but still I regret that only one position was good, as I should have liked to have had two. We went to the Quaker dairy, but, not wishing to breakfast off eggs, butter, and cakes, we once more bent our steps to the Maison Dorée and had a substantial meal. An excursion round the Bay had been proposed, and after breakfast we went to the wharf to embark in a steamer. But the cockleshell appearance of the boat, and the want of means of protection from the east wind, resulted in our electing to board a more commodious boat, called the *Sausilito* , bound for St. Quentin. In this way we gained a good view and idea of what the Bay and Golden Gates are like. On landing we drove in an omnibus to the Prison, where the greatest civility and courtesy were shown to us by the officials. We had the opportunity of seeing a great deal of the prison life. What particularly struck me was the leniency, extending even, in the case of some of the prisoners, to permission to smoke and buy their own provisions. Except when punished for insubordination all are together. They work in the same halls and rooms; and work, it would seem, with good effect, as the prison is self-supporting. After spending two hours in it we returned to ‘Frisco,’ had dinner at the Maison Dorée, and then came back to the hotel. There was a telegram, and in it the

words, ‘Luscombe, Post Office, Park Street.’ How I long for the morning to see my sister! Well, good-night.

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Sunday, October 7.—I could hardly sleep last night for thinking of my sister. I jumped out of bed, was soon dressed, and had a slight breakfast in the bedroom. B. called for us. Taking the car we went down to the wharf; thence we proceeded to Oakland, crossing the Bay by boat, and on the further side using the train-cars. During these stages my cold and cough became very troublesome, and I was feeling ill. However, against the advice of B., who would have preferred that we should take a carriage rather than drive ourselves, we hired a nice-looking buggy with a pair of good horses. I sat in front with H., and B., after nearly overbalancing the conveyance by his weight, sat behind. We got off at a good pace, and drove to Alameda, about three miles away. Here we crossed a bridge at a trot, when a bog-trotting Irishman rushed out of a box in a very excited manner and shrieked after us to stop, bullying us for crossing the bridge at a trot. ‘A soft answer turneth away wrath,’ and the man became soothed, and we proceeded on our way. All contact I have with the Irish in America tends to make me loathe the American-Irish more and more. We arrived at Park Street Post Office, and on inquiring were informed that a lady did call for letters addressed ‘Luscombe.’ Her place of residence did not appear to be known, but on looking over a Directory we found the name of Luscombe, Lafayette Road, Central Avenue. There accordingly we drove. We drew up two or three doors from the house. H. and I descended. We went to the door and pulled the bell, and my heart 96 was in my mouth. On pulling the bell several times, and observing the blind was down, we imagined that no one was in. But H. went round to the back through the garden, and there saw some one. Immediately returning, he bade me come with him. I did so, and caught sight of my sister, but ran back with fear. H. insisted on my again advancing with him. In the meantime they came forward to see who were there; and finally I rushed into my sister's arms, very excited to find her so aged, so shrivelled, and so completely altered. There were no recriminations. Soon she and I retired into the house to talk. She told me she had not had a day's health since she

had been in the country. My first thought was that she must come and stay with me, and I was very pressing; but H. judiciously called me aside and told me not to promise or say too much while I was full of excitement, but to wait until I was calm, and then see. B. in the meantime had come in. The house was a very pretty one, standing in its own grounds, and having a charming little garden. The husband seemed a serious sort of fellow, a man who clearly meant whatever he said. My sister, although comfortably off, has to do all the housework herself, as she has no help, and servants are difficult either to get or keep. I routed my brother-in-law well for letting her work so hard. But it was to little purpose that I suggested my sister should come over to England, as he looked very black, and she replied she had no money. We were now getting hungry. Accordingly I buckled to and helped my sister to cook the dinner. All the articles 97 of domestic *ménage* seemed very good—a point I gladly noted, as it is well said that out here one can judge the position of a person by the plate and glass. They only took two meals a-day, and dined at the intractable hour of four. Judge of my intense surprise on hearing from my sister that my other sister, Emily, is here, living in Oakland with her husband. They had left Melbourne and come to settle here; so I shall see both my sisters in one day. It is quite a romance. The more I saw of my sister, the more grieved I was to see the change in her; but the less I felt in sympathy with her. Indeed, on conversing with her and hearing her views, I don't think I should like her to visit me in England. After dinner I helped her to clear away and wash up, and I again routed her husband for allowing her to do all the work. She told me she had had a divorce from her first husband, Crocker, and had been married to her present husband eight years. After a while we again took our places in the trap. And this reminds me that I ought to have recorded an incident of our previous drive. The horses took fright at a train, and, but for the firm grip of H., we should have come to grief. It seemed as if this were to be our fate now. We had made some distance when, all of a sudden, crack went the hind spring. B.'s weight had been too much. Fortunately, a rope was in the trap: with it we botched up the spring sufficiently well to admit of our driving at a quiet pace to Oakland without further accident. The mishap, of course, gave an opportunity to the job-master to raise extortionate H 98 claims; but, happily, all was arranged. We took

the tram a short way down the street. As the train runs through the main street of Oakland, the Town Council have reserved the right for the public to travel free, so I have been on a train where no payments are charged for riding. During the ride I put on two veils, as a disguise against my sister Emily. We arrived at a small cottage, very much inferior to Sarah's house, and rang the bell. Sarah said, ‘I have brought two friends of mine to see you.’ On entering I caught sight of Emily, who withdrew to another room as we entered a parlour. When she came in she looked a moment at me, pierced my disguise, burst into tears, and affectionately embraced me. We all three retired to talk. I learnt that she and her husband were rolling stones, constantly moving from place to place. We stayed here some time, and although the intentions of H. and myself were to leave to-morrow, my sisters prevailed on me to stop another day. It was arranged that they should come over to spend the day with me in ‘Frisco.’ Although Emily and Sarah lived so closely to each other, they had not met for six months. We said good-night and reached ‘Frisco,’ where, after a light supper, we went to bed. I was bewildered and upset with my day. I wonder, with the occurrence of so many incidents of an emotional character, so strangely combined, I have not broken down.

Monday, October 8.—I was still in bed when my sisters came this morning; but H. was up and dressed and left me with them, after appointing to 99 meet us at six o'clock. We had some lunch and went for a long drive to the Cliff House and its neighbourhood. My eldest sister has altered strangely. She is excessively emotional, and so uncontrolled that she frightens and oppresses me. I fear I should be very sorry if she came to England. As for poor Emily, she is the same quiet and sedate girl, full of affection. I could welcome her to England without reserve, could I blind myself to the fact that there are grounds for fearing she and her husband might become a little too little independent. On the whole I was glad to get back, and find B. and H. in the room of the hotel. After dressing, we all went to the ‘Poodle Dog’ restaurant to dinner. Here my sister Sarah behaved in an extraordinary way, affecting a morality which appeared to me immoral, and questioning the propriety of dining at this place. H. told us we could not go away to-morrow, as there is no stage. This has its

advantage, as in the increased opportunity I trust I shall see more of the excellencies of my sisters. We went to the Opera House, a fine large theatre, and saw part of ‘The Lights of London’ fairly well. During the evening my sister insisted I should go over to her to-morrow, and I consented, very much against H.'s wish, as my cold was so bad.

Tuesday, October 9.—This morning H. saw me off for Oakland in a car, and promised to meet the 4.30 return boat. I saw my sister Sarah, and was not better pleased with her on further acquaintance. She spoke rather severely on two or three matters. I lunched there, and we parted the best of friends, 100 although I did not again suggest that she should come over to England—an omission I am sorry she should have noticed and communicated to my sister Emily. Although I see so many faults in her, still she is my sister, and I feel for her an affection which I do not think anything could stifle. I brought my sister Emily back with me, and met H. at the wharf about five. We all went to the hotel. Emily brought her husband to join us. H. and I spoke in good set terms to them. I hope efficaciously; but I am afraid not, for the husband is a man of little energy. I gave Emily some presents, but my sister Sarah refused to take any. I said good-bye to Emily at seven o'clock. She cried very much. I quite felt for her, poor thing! I will certainly keep up a correspondence with her and send her all the newspapers. B. dined with us at the Maison Dorée. Afterwards we went to the California Theatre and saw Dion Boucicault in ‘The Shaughraun.’ We waited until the last act. The theatre is a fine roomy one, and it appeared to be crowded.

Wednesday, October 10.—In the middle of the night H. says he was nearly thrown out of bed. It appears a serious earthquake occurred. There were several shocks, and the streets were filled with people; but, oddly enough, I did not know anything of it. I was, however, up early in the morning, as to-day it was that we had determined to leave San Francisco for Madera, an inland town further south in California. We crossed the Bay and said good-bye to B. at Oakland. He seemed very downcast at leaving us. 101 We got on the cars and entered a rather old-fashioned Pullman sleeper. Between sleeping and eating fruit the time passed till we arrived at Lathrop. There we lunched. From Lathrop we went on

to Madera. We arrived at six o'clock and put up at Mace's hotel, an indifferent place. The scenery on our journey was poor. Indeed if I record that an inquisitive American and a nice little Englishman, called Orizio, were among our fellow-passengers, my diary will preserve the remembrance of all the remembrance of which is worth preserving in the events of to-day. In 481½ hours we have now travelled 8274 miles.

Thursday, October 11.—We were up at five this morning and started at six on the stage with four horses. The driver was called Phil Toby, and H. made me laugh frequently throughout the day by calling him Phil. Through the courtesy of Mr. Miller, the agent, we were enabled to have front seats on the stage I enjoyed the ride very much. After the first change we had five horses, and after that six horses. Although it takes thirteen hours to do sixty-eight miles we were travelling very fast when we were on the level, but the hills are so steep that much time is spent in covering the entire ground. We stopped to lunch at one o'clock at Fresno Flat. After that we passed through finer scenery, amid big trees and commanding cañons; but scenery not comparable with that of the Yellowstone Park. We made the last change at six o'clock. It was dark, and we dashed along at a great speed round fearful precipices and into the deepest of valleys, and I grew quite 102 frightened, and clutched hold of H.'s arm, and then I felt safe. The stage at one pass met a waggon, and its driver went nearly over a precipice. I leaned over as if to balance the coach, but Phil Toby was clearly a competent man, and brought us safely to Clark's station in Yosemite Valley at half-past six. We hailed it with delight; for we had been thirteen hours on the stage and felt tired and hungry. After dinner at Clark's Hot Station Hotel we went to bed in a very pleasant room. It was quite a comfortable hotel. The mileage done is 8342 miles, and the hours are 494½.

Friday, October 12.—We were up at six this morning, and started (after some delay through two fellow-travellers) at half-past seven. We soon entered magnificent scenery. Firs, oaks, maples, enormous pines, the wealth and grandeur of the forest scenery; the thickly scented tracks of deer and bears, or terrific hills, which we arduously climbed, alternated to the view. At last, about a quarter to one, we entered the top of the valley.

Here the scene was striking, the great rock, El Capitan, standing out in high relief. The better to admire the vista we halted for a short time, and then descended the valley. In descending we saw the numerous waterfalls, which are at a great height, but very thin, owing to the water having been dried up. We arrived at Cook's Hotel in the valley at two. After lunch we immediately mounted two horses to ascend the mountain, and arrived at Glacier's Point, where the whole view of the valley may be taken in. We had been told, indeed, that we should 103 return in the moonlight; but H. would neither let me find an excuse in this nor in the sickening fear which, as on the prairie, nearly overcame me, when I observed how steep and precipitous were the paths which led 3500 feet high. All my doubts and expostulations were answered (as he assured me, for the purpose) so crossly and severely that it put me on my mettle, and I determined to go on. H. himself was half-disposed to turn back when nearly at the top; but by that time I had fully resolved to accomplish the ascent at all hazards. It is true we passed several ladies coming down, so that it would appear to be nothing unusual for ladies to go up; but I certainly thought and said a great deal of it, though, if night had not been in the distance, I am sure I should not have felt the slightest fear. At length, after two hours' toil, we arrived at the top, and the view was of unsurpassable beauty. Unfortunately the tension to which he had submitted was a little too great to enjoy the scene fully. At any rate I was glad of the whiskey and ginger we procured at the miserable shanty on the top. In the descent I rode a little way and walked the rest, feeling all the better for the walk. The Falls were not attractive, but the mountains were magnificently grand. Our record stands at 8368 miles and 501 hours.

Saturday, October 13.—We rose at half-past four this morning. Strange to say, we are now so used to early rising as scarcely to feel it. We started at a quarter to six and made for Clark's Station. The sunrise was beautiful; the rocks and hills showed in 104 the fulness of their splendour. As the hill at starting is very steep we walked quite two miles and a half, as far as Inspiration Point. It took us an hour and a half, and we felt the benefit of the walk. We had not the front seats on the stage, and consequently were at a comparative disadvantage in the return ride; but next to the front seats the hindmost are the best.

Moreover, the passengers were much more sociable than those of the two or three previous days. We arrived at Clark's Station at a quarter to twelve, hungry, but not so much so as the day before, for we had taken care to provide ourselves with fruits and crackers. On climbing the hill, while making a short cut, I bruised my leg. It was rather painful. The scenery seemed even finer in coming back than in going; but it is a little monotonous, as there are only two colours—the green and the rock-gray. After lunch we hired a buggy and pair, and drove to Mariposa Grove to see the giant trees. The chief of these are the Two Sentinels, Lincoln and Washington, the Faithful Couple, the Diamond Group, the Three Sisters, the Grisley Giant, and the Wah Wa Noh. The last is cut out on the road, forming an arch, beneath which we drove. There were several other big trees. From some of them H. cut pieces of bark; and we shall have other reminiscences of the principal trees, as he intends to buy and mount photographs of them. We enjoyed this ride of seventeen miles very much. We had at least not been, as in the stage, at all overcrowded. We were very tired by the time of our return, but by a delightful bath were refreshed 105 exceedingly. After supper we were glad to get to bed, as we knew we must be up early again on the morrow. We have cleared 8411 miles in 511 hours.

Sunday, October 14.—After a good night's rest we were up again this morning at five. We were dressed and down by a quarter to six, but no breakfast was ready, as the cook, a Chinaman, had overslept. It was half-past six before we started. We had the back seats all to ourselves, for H. persuaded the one obstructing passenger to ride in a front bench. We rattled away, took up a passenger at Fresno Flat, and passed the time merrily, singing every imaginable tune. One lady rather objected, as it was Sunday. In difficult obedience to her wishes we remained quiet for a while; but H., in the exuberance of his spirits, soon broke out afresh. We caught the contagion, and valleys and mountains echoed with our choral revels. Phil Toby, the driver, seemed particularly pleased with the concert, and could not help joining in occasionally. We lunched at Gold Stream Gulch, as we remounted after only a short delay. The weather was lovely, but the sun was very hot, and the dust excessive, and we were almost smothered with it. Some of the passengers were going on

to Los Angelos, and were anxious to catch the train at Madera, as if they missed it they would have to stay one night and all the next day—a prospect by no means agreeable in a village of a few houses situated in a plain of sand. Phil accordingly put his horses to their best, but when three miles from Madera we heard a whining noise; due, we soon found, to the overheated box of one of 106 the wheels. We all descended and lent a hand. Phil was afraid we should be unable to remove the wheel, but as there was water in the flume near the road we soon cooled the spindle, and after re-oiling we started. The flume is an extraordinary construction. It is a kind of open drain, built of wood and supported by trestles, and used for bringing the sawn timber from the mountains. The one of which we made use of is sixty-five miles long; the timber takes fifteen hours coming down it. Sometimes the rush of water is so great that the bucket is jerked out of the hand of one trying to fill it. We arrived at Madera just in time to enable the passengers to catch the train. They hardly thanked the driver, and, with the excep-of H., nobody gave him anything. The Americans are not liberal in travelling. Our register stands 8497 miles, 522½ hours. As before, we are at Mace's Hotel.

Monday, October 15.—Again we were called at five, for if the stage tarries the train does not. The train was ‘on time.’ We took our places in it at a quarter to seven. There was no Pullman attached. The train had come from New Orleans, and had left last Wednesday. The dust was very great. We read and passed away the time until we arrived at Lathorp at half-past ten. One breakfast we had had before starting, but there we had a second. Our boots, too, were cleaned and our clothes brushed, and sadly they wanted it. At a quarter to twelve we again took the cars, arriving at Sacramento at two o'clock. Along the route the scenery was flat: the land 107 appears to be given up to the growing of grain. The stubble is burnt off, and in many places we saw the firs in full blaze. On arriving H. re-checked the baggage, and telegraphed for a drawing-room on the Pullman car which is to take us to Ogden to-night. These necessaries settled we took a carriage and drove round the town. We stopped at the house of a Mrs. Crocker and inspected part of her pictures, which number many hundreds. H. said they were not good, but still they interested me

very much, as the subjects were most entertaining. In continuing our drive we visited the Capitol. We ascended the cupola, and had a magnificent bird's-eye view of the city. Although very flat it had much prettiness, abounding in timber and green, rich foliage. The Sacramento River, running through the town, was charming to see, while elegant houses, built of wood, and the lawns rich in grass, presented a pleasing effect. The race-track we also took in, and drove round it. I saw several trotters and racers walking about. We dined at the dépôt called ‘The Silver Palace,’ and had a nice dinner. The train came in, and, after a little diplomacy with the conductor, H. procured the drawing-room; and I was so pleased, as we can pass the time away pleasantly. H. has bought me books and had a lunch-basket made up. Thus all goes merrily. In 529¾ hours we have now covered 8627 miles.

Tuesday, October 16.—H. got up at six o'clock to prepare his breakfast and send me in coffee and sandwiches. We had a most pleasant, a thoroughly comfortable 108 night. The drawing-room offers incomparably the best mode of travelling, the other parts of the car being so close, stuffy, and often smelling so disagreeably. We had passed the snow-sheds in the night, for which I was sorry, as I had wished to see them. The scenery was very flat—an alkali desert with nothing but sagebrush. If there was not San Francisco at the other end, this line, the Central Pacific, would not pay; but as it is, it pays so well that the Southern Pacific has been built out of it. Reno, where we breakfasted, is in Nevada. About twelve we opened the lunch-basket, and revelled in a picnic meal of tough cold chicken and ham with claret. H., strangely enough, drew into conversation with a Captain Ray, who had commanded the military expedition in Alaska, and as he intended going there next year he gathered information, especially as to the climate, which promises to prove valuable. At Elko, also in Nevada, we had a moderately good supper; and now all preparations are made for the night.

Wednesday, October 17.—After a good night's rest we woke this morning to find ourselves in the State of Utah. At 7.15 we arrived at Ogden, where we changed cars to go to Salt Lake City. The scenery had changed considerably. Instead of the dreary plain, mountains

and broken land appeared, and there were snow-capped hills, delightful in the morning sun to see. We took breakfast at Ogden, and if we had had time we should have liked it, as the service and food were good. We arrived at Salt Lake City at 9.50, travelling from Ogden by the Utah Central Railroad. On our way we saw the 109 Salt Lake, the water of which is so buoyant that you cannot sink, and so briny, that if you drink it it will poison you. A lady some time ago was killed through swallowing some. We put up at the ‘Walker House.’ Soon we hired a carriage and drove about. Firstly, we went to the Tabernacle, an enormous oval-domed building, capable of holding 10,000 people. The dome is the largest in the States. The acoustic properties are so great that at one end of the gallery one can hear sounds whispered, or the report of a pin dropped at the other. Both these illustrations were clearly and distinctly exhibited to us by the verger, a three-wived Mormon. The Mormons are building an enormous and magnificent temple, made of granite, and are purposely retarding its completion, as the elders and prophets continue to steal while it is in progress, and if it were finished their purloining would cease. The weather now changed, and set in with a bleak wind and cold rain, and made us feel gloomy; but we must not complain, as we have so long had it pleasant. We visited Brigham Young's grave: we saw also the Amelia Palace, the house which Young erected for his favourite wife, but which was taken from her after his decease by the Church, and is now occupied by C. Taylor, their President. We next called on a Mormon named Robert Dyer, a Norfolk man, who had embraced Mormonism at the same time as his wife, and has hitherto cleaved to such one wife only. Most of Brigham's sons have only one wife each. The older Mormons alone follow the example of polygamy, and that with the greatest secrecy, as the United States' law is so severe. It is proposed to 110 pass another Act, which will finally put this territory in the same state as the others. Even now the ignorance and brutality of the Mormons ever and anon break out. No later than three weeks ago a negro shot the Mormon Captain of the Police. He was immediately caught, nearly whipped to death in prison, then hanged on a tree; as, in his convulsive struggles, he seized hold of a branch, a savage Mormon took up a piece of iron and broke the nigger's wrist. Nor was their brutality and vengeance thus assuaged: they dragged the corpse by the neck through

the streets. It must be admitted that this strong antipathy is reciprocated. We visited, for example, the United States' Fort, which has several cannon pointing on the town. Such is the feeling of the soldiers and of all who are not Mormons, that at the slightest riot these would be discharged, to the ruin of the whole town. From the fort we were able to see that the city is built in a large flat valley, surrounded by mountains covered with snow and cañons with a red and yellow brush-oak, which presents a charming aspect. We re-entered the town, and saw on our right the graveyard of the Mormons, the ‘Gentiles,’ the Catholics, and the Jews. Afterwards we bought some views and photographs of the principal people. The history of one of these principal people especially interested me—the history of Ann Eliza. She was a wife of Brigham Young, and was jealous of Amelia. It was her ambition to have a house like the more favoured wife's. Seeing this ambition would not be satisfied she ran away, married a man in Ohio, and commenced lecturing 111 against the Mormons and divulging their secrets. This so enraged her former co-religionists against her that she learnt, that should she return they would kill her. She has returned, but the United States' officials have been on the alert, and nothing has been done to her. H. called on one of Brigham Young's sons, but failed to see him. This I rather regret. H. has bought me a Mormon Bible and various books of theirs, which I shall read with avidity. I shall not be sorry to leave this city, as it is so wet, and there is nothing to do after one has seen the sights. We are to leave for Omaha by the Union Pacific Railroad. H. has tried to get a state-room in this night's train, but bad luck has attended the undertaking. The car does not possess one, so we must, I suppose, be content with our section. We left Salt Lake at 7.40, after having had dinner at the Walker House. The car has very few people in it. Our berth is made up, and we shall certainly soon be asleep. It has now taken us 567¾ hours to travel a total of 9408 miles.

Thursday, October 18.—We were too sleepy this morning to get up for breakfast. The train stopped at Green River, the first town of consequence in Wyoming; but we did not rise until ten, taking our breakfast at Rawlins, where we waited for lunch. H. rode for a short time on the engine, and would have taken me, but as a cinder lodged in his eye

(which made him irritable) he thought it best I should not go. The greater part of the scenery we passed during the day was most uninteresting—nothing but dreary desert of alkali and sagebrush. Towards the evening, 112 however, good feeding prairies appeared, and one could see from the train several herds of antelopes. We passed through several snow-sheds, which are built of wood in the form of tunnels. The curves in the line were extraordinary, and it seemed as if one was travelling in a circle. We had dinner at eight o'clock at Cheyenne, which is called ‘Hell on Wheels’: why, I don't know. Here, unfortunately, the car was entered by a number of people, some of them rough men, who by their expectorations, loud talk and swearing, made me most uncomfortable. The more I see of Americans the more I am disgusted with their ill-bred manners. They have no sympathy or respect for a woman's presence.

Friday, October 19.—We passed a fairly good night, but I am getting tired of the journey, and anxiously await our destination. We breakfasted tolerably well at Grand Island, and (chiefly by reading) soon passed away the time. We arrived at Omaha, the capital of Nebraska, at half-past three. While driving to the Paxton Hotel I was not much impressed with the city. Although the streets are fairly wide, the roads are in such disorder that the general appearance reminds me of cross-country riding. Having seen the room appointed to us, we walked about the town. Of the High School H. bought a photograph. After a reasonable dinner we went to the Academy of Music. We there saw ‘Muldoon's Picnic’; a variety entertainment, no doubt, not of high æsthetic value, but the source to both of us of hearty laughter. We came away before it was over and went to bed.

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Saturday, October 20.—We had an indifferent night's rest, owing to there being cockroaches in the room. Breakfast we had in our bedrooms, and I stayed indoors all the day, as the day was bleak. We fortunately secured a drawing-room on the train, and left for Chicago at 3.40. We travelled by the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, having first crossed from Omaha, on the western bank of the Missouri, to Council Bluffs, which is four miles distant, and on the eastern side, and is consequently in Iowa. Our car was not very

crowded, and there was a dining-car attached. After supper we went to bed and passed a good night.

Sunday, October 21.—We had breakfast brought in the state-room, and managed, with reading, &c., to pass the time pleasantly away. The scenery was very uninteresting: the country was seemingly devoted to growing crops. By crossing the Mississippi we entered the State of Illinois about a quarter to three. We arrived at Chicago, 492 miles from Omaha, in twenty-two hours from departure. Driving to the Grand Pacific Hotel we secured our room. We then had a drive in the car, walked back a couple of miles, and rested. In the train to-day there was a very energetic newsagent, and H. could not withstand his persuasive power. He bought two books, one of which contains some highly interesting woodcuts, illustrating the parts through which we have travelled. Our long railway journeys are nearly over. We leave here to-morrow for Washington, which we shall reach in twenty-six hours, and then we are within a few hours of New York. It I 114 is quite wonderful howwell I sustain the fatigue, for, with the exception of a slight dyspeptic feeling caused by eating things I should not have eaten, I am excessively well and jolly. In the evening, after dinner, we went to the Opera, and saw the Troubadour Troupe in a piece called ‘Fun in the Green Room.’ We laughed heartily. One man especially, called Nat Salisbury, was very funny. His quaint sayings, such as ‘Tunny fresh,’ and ‘Pin your ears back,’ threw us into transports of hilarity. We returned to the hotel to bed. The number of miles travelled is 10,969, the hours occupied are 634.

Monday, October 22.—We did not get up very early this morning as we were so tired. We had breakfast in our room, and then went out for a walk and made several purchases, among them a purchase of Parton's *Life of Voltaire.* The book-store at which we bought it was a wonderful place, filled with books of all descriptions, some magnificently bound. I could have stayed here all day looking around. The shops at Chicago are certainly grand and large, and one seems to be able to get anything one wants. We had dinner, and left Chicago at five o'clock for Washington, on the Pennsylvania and Fort Wayne Railway. The journey is one of 962 miles, and, considering the curves and grades (for much of the route

is mountainous), the twenty-six hours in which, as already said, it is accomplished, must be considered few. There was no drawing-room in the Pullman car, but it did not matter as the car was not very full. We went in this, the early part of the journey, at a 115 great speed; and as we were on the last car the motion was a very unpleasant one.

Tuesday, October 23.—As this was H.'s birthday the first thing I said was ‘Many happy returns of the day.’ We both had a very unpleasant night, as the train went so fast. Its rapid flexions round the curves made me feel quite nervous. There was a dining-car attached. H. had his breakfast in it and sent me in mine, as I did not feel equal to rising. The morning was wet; this was a great pity, as the scenery during the whole day was perfectly enchanting. The Alleghany mountains were covered with timber, whose foliage, of the most lovely tints, hung like huge masses of coloured grapes. Now we were going up steep inclines with two engines at a rapid rate, now descending and turning curves so severe as to enable us to see the whole of the train. The stoppages were only three. In one run without break we made 132 miles. We crossed the beautiful Susquehana River twice, and ran through long sweeps of further wooded hills, over lofty mountains, and amidst dark ravines and valleys, sparkling even in this wretched weather. We arrived to the minute at Washington, and drove at once to the Ebbit House Hotel. Even in the gaslight I was very much impressed with Washington. With streets so grandly wide, and shops so brilliantly lighted, it put me in mind of Paris. I am sure I shall like this city. The hotel seemed very nice and we had excellent rooms, with bath-room and all conveniences. We had an exquisite little dinner and then went to Ford's Opera House, where we saw 116 represented a piece entitled ‘Vim.’ In it Neil Burgess personated a woman in the very best manner I have ever seen—nothing vulgar and full of womanly details. We had a good laugh, and I enjoyed my evening immensely. I quite long to get to the theatres at night, I do like them so. We are now at the end, I am glad I can write, of our long journeys; and when I look back and think of the great Continent I have crossed I can hardly realise I am only five hours from New York, our starting-point for home. The sum of miles now traversed is 11,931 and the hours taken are 660.

Wednesday, October 24.—We had breakfast at ten, and then took a carriage and drove to see the sights and 'lions' of the place. I was not disappointed with it in the daylight. On the contrary, I was delighted with the town. It was admirably kept: the side-walks are clean, and the streets both well-paved and so wide that the tram-lines do not interfere with the traffic. We went first to the Capitol, a superb and magnificent building. Its two wings are built of Italian marble, its centre is of sandstone painted white; the whole presenting a noble appearance, quite dazzling in the sun. The weather and atmosphere were delightful, and I felt well, and joyous, and happy. I visited the Senate Chamber, which contains seats for seventy-two members, two for each of the thirty-six States. I visited also the Congress Hall, which seats 360 members. Every convenience was placed for the members, including even telephones. The President is elected for four years, 117 Senators for six, and Congress-men for two. Unfortunately the session was not sitting, so I had no opportunity of hearing debates. The Hall, with an enormous cupola, is surrounded by pictures typical of the various events of American history, and statues of their great men. The bronze doors, too, are very fine, and in high relief. A great deal of white marble is used in the building. The Council-rooms are very splendid, but are spoilt with the gaseliers and other garish decorations. We then went to the Engraving Office, where all the notes and stamps are printed. We saw the whole system of the engraving of plates from beginning to end. Twelve hundred hands are employed, mostly women. We were conducted over the office in a very courteous way by a lady, and neither charge nor trouble was made. We then drove to the Corcoran Art Gallery, a place given by a gentleman of that name to the city. It contained some very fine and interesting pictures, mostly of the Continental school, but with a few English specimens. We then went to the White House, the residence of the President. Although the rooms were spacious it was spoilt by inartistic decorations of a modern type, which in the States appear to be considered 'elegant,' but which, to our sense, smack rather of the *parvenu.* We then drove to the prison. Seemingly it was a small place; but on seeing the interior we were surprised to find it of such magnitude. We visited the female side, and were astonished at the leniency shown to the inmates. A curious fact is that all the women, with the exception

of two, were coloured. 118 The men were also allowed a great deal of freedom. They all smoked. One man, condemned to be hanged in March next, was reclining on his bed smoking, with perhaps assumed indifference, and reading. His cell he had adorned with some coloured prints, and made it quite gay. We saw the cell which that craven cur Guiteau, the assassinator of poor Garfield, occupied, and also saw the hole the bullet had made in the glass and the two walls, and I put my hand on it. He was shot at from the outside by one of the guards, who is undergoing his sentence of eight years for so shooting.* We then saw the gallows on which Guiteau was hanged, and we learnt that the miserable fellow died like a faint-hearted coward. We also saw the rope with which he was hanged, and H. put it round his neck. On our asking to see the hangman we were informed that there was no one functionary who performed that office, but that all the warders assisted. One affixed the rope, another pinioned the victim, another drew the bolt; the part of each was fixed by rotation. We then drove round the town and saw the Chronicle Gardens and one or two small parks. I forgot to mention that we had a splendid view of that delightful river, the Potomac. We were now again on its shores upon entering the Navy Yard. In the yard we saw several gunboats, and at the foundry, in full work, a Nasmyth hammer. We returned to the hotel and had a charming dinner. Afterwards we took train to Baltimore. I was very much impressed with my

* I have since learnt he was pardoned after serving two years.

119 visit to Washington. I should have liked to have spent a week there; and this could easily be done, as there are so many buildings and places to visit, but of course our short time only allowed us to scan it cursorily. We arrived in Baltimore, a distance of forty-two miles, at eight o'clock. The journey took an hour and forty minutes. We put up at the Eutaw House, and immediately drove to Ford's Opera House. There we witnessed a comedy so poor that we left before it was over. Strange that the people seemed to enjoy it, and that the house was full! In 662 hours we have now come a distance of 11,973 miles.

Thursday, October 25.—Having breakfasted we drove round the town of Baltimore, which we found rather uninteresting. We then went to the Park, which surpasses anything I have

seen. Magnificently timbered, and well stocked with deer and wild birds, abounding in lakes, presenting captivating views from half-a-dozen points, it was altogether very fine. We returned in order to lunch at the hotel. The hackman charged for three hours' drive twenty-four shillings, but there was nothing to do but to pay it. The hotel was a very dirty one, and gave me a disrelish for the food. We obtained no good views of Baltimore, but were compelled to glean what we could from a guide-book.

I was glad when three o'clock came and we started for Philadelphia, a distance of 96 miles, to be accomplished in three hours and eleven minutes. We arrived at 6.11 punctually. Taking a coupé we drove to the Continental Hotel, a very fine house. We had a charming dinner and excellent rooms. In 120 he evening we went to the Chestnut Street Theatre, and saw ‘Pop’ performed by Rice's surprise party. The acting and the piece were very indifferent. During the action of the play situations seemed to be invented for the purpose of introducing second-rate music-hall songs. The audience were pleased, and this was another proof of the essential difference of European and American judgment. The miles done are 12,069; the hours, 665.

Friday, October 26.—H. was very ill in the night, and kept me awake with his groans. I was not well myself. H. took some laudanum. We did not leave our room until nearly two o'clock, when we hired a carriage and drove round Philadelphia, which delighted me very much. The buildings were glorious, the shops beautiful and filled with good things. The size of the city is very great; there are nearly a million inhabitants. We also went to Fairmount Park, a place of very ordinary merit; and then visited the Girard College for foundlings. Pursuing our ambit of the city I observed nothing very worthy to describe, except that everything looked prospering. But the streets are the worst paved I have seen, a standing disgrace to this noble city. We leave here for New York at 5.20, and we left the hotel for the station at a quarter to five. I shall be quite delighted to get back to New York: it seems like getting home again. We shall, too, find our letters. Only two hours for ninety-two miles! that is famous. We duly arrived in New York at 5.20, when we were foolish enough to take the transfer coach, which stopped at 121 four hotels before we arrived at

the Fifth Avenue Hotel. All our letters were there, and the hides and skins had arrived, but the photographs had not come. It quite dispirited me. But H. has telegraphed to San Francisco, and we are still in hopes of their coming before we leave. We had dinner at Delmonico's and then went to bed, very tired. The miles done are 12,161, and the hours 667.

Saturday, October 27.—I had breakfast in the bedroom. H. had to go down town to pay the passage-money, so I had a walk on Broadway and bought a pretty black-feather bonnet and other things. I was very ‘seedy’ indeed, and after coming back I stayed in until dinner, which we had at the hotel. We went in the evening to the Fifth Avenue Theatre and saw ‘The Duke's Motto,’ Charles Coghlan playing the leading part. It is a fine theatre and I was interested in the play. During the evening I was so overcome with the heat that I nearly fainted. I had to go for a while into the fresh air, but soon revived sufficently to return.

Sunday, October 28.—We breakfasted in our room. We caught the 12 o'clock train to Long Branch. On arriving there we had lunch at the Central Hotel. The hotel proprietor was most kind, and lent me a shawl in such a nice manner! We drove about the town (which is in New Jersey), and observed that it is situated on the sea most charmingly. There are magnificent wooden houses, with stables at the back, built in all kinds of styles and painted in a variety of colours. We saw the house poor Garfield died in. After a 122 drive of four or five miles we came back to New York. Feeling tired I went to bed. H. went to the Casino, and saw Aimée, the lady who was divorced from her husband and then married him again. H. says she is very plain, and sings indifferently. As we travelled eighty-four miles in four hours to-day by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, we have now gone over a distance of 12,245 miles in 671 hours.

Monday, October 29.—The weather was so rainy that I did not leave the hotel until after dinner. Later in the day we went to the Metropolitan Opera House and saw Sembrich in ‘Puritani.’ She sang well, and the tenor, Stagno, was magnificent. This house is a new one, having only been opened last Monday week. It is a splendid, spacious building, but the

decoration is very sickly and poor. Ladies wear their bonnets in the stalls, as in Paris, and evening dress with gentlemen is not *de rigueur.*

Tuesday, October 30.—We went to Saroni's this morning and had our photographs taken in two positions. I hope they will turn out well. The San Fransisco photographs have not arrived, and I am so disappointed. We then went to the Opera House. We were allowed to go on the stage, which is enormous, and in the dressing-rooms, which are luxuriously fitted with bath and every convenience. We then called on Mrs. Hazleton, the lady we had met at Mandan. She received us very nicely, and wanted us to come in the evening. She played the banjo and sang to us. She has a charming flat of good-sized rooms, nicely furnished, and seems to be in 123 comfortable circumstances. I pressed her to come and see us in London. I hope she will, for I like her immensely. We then went to Delmonico's and had a light lunch. After lunch we returned to the hotel to pack, for we leave to-morrow. We dined at Delmonico's; thence we went to Daly's Theatre and saw ‘Dollars and Sense,’ a poor piece, but well acted. Between the acts a curious episode happened. An old gentleman got into conversation with us, and I asked him if he had ever been ‘held up’ in a railway train, *i.e.* robbed. He retaliated by portraying the fear he once experienced while riding in Switzerland with an invalid in the European cars. Presently he was in high dudgeon, and left before the play was over. There are still no photographs from Frisco. I am afraid they will not come before we go.

Wednesday, October 31.—We did all our packing well and had breakfast, and then called on Saroni to see our photographs. I like them immensely, and shall look forward to their coming. By great good luck the San Francisco photographs have arrived, and I am intensely pleased with them: they are beautifully finished. A little later we entered the coach with all our luggage, and drove to the Cunard Wharf. There we embarked on the *Servia* , a magnificent vessel of 8000 tons. As we had two hours to spare we went on the elevated cars to Wall Street, Broad Street, and the Stock Exchange, returning to the boat, and finally leaving New York at three o'clock. The weather was very grand. The Cunard landing-stage was exceedingly full of the friends and relations of the passengers, and 124

the flowers which were given as parting gifts were abundant. At last the bell rang for all those not passengers to go ashore, and as the monster ship swung round we could see the people waving their handkerchiefs and weeping. The sight nearly upset me. However, I regained calmness soon enough to watch from the upper deck the points of interest of New York. Here was Brooklyn Bridge, spanning the East River and connecting Brooklyn with New York; there was Staten Island, then Governor's Island, then Hell Gate, where the forts are; and so on in a long series to the ocean itself. We were not proceeding very fast, and soon we came to a stop. We ascertained the cause to be that we could not cross the bar that evening, so must let go the anchor and stay overnight. We had the third and fourth engineers' cabin, and with its table, and chair, and lockers, a large and very commodious cabin it was. Dinner was at five o'clock; after it we retired to our cabin to read. Everything was most satisfactory, when suddenly I espied a cockroach, and then all peace was gone. We had made up our minds to have the bed on the floor, but of course this precluded any arrangement of the sort, consequently I did not have a good night's rest.

Thursday, November 1.—I was sorry to be called this morning, as my rest had been disturbed in thinking of the dreadful cockroaches. But I got up and had my bath, which did me less good than usual. After breakfast I went on deck for a short walk, but presently fell into a semi-somnolescent state. The weather was 125 still fine. About half-past three, however, it came on to rain, and we went down in the cabin till dinner. The passengers do not interest me much. I am seated next to an insignificant person, and the people opposite are not talkative or amusing. The days' run was only 67 miles, whereas, had the start been favourable, we should have made over 300 miles. If all goes well we shall arrive in Liverpool on Friday week morning.

Friday, November 2.—To-day the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and the sun so delightfully hot that I had to put a shade over my face. I read a little, and dozed my day away again. The run was good, 390 miles. Nothing has occurred of importance or interesting to note. I have still made no acquaintances; but as we have such a pleasant cabin and good books, to say nothing of the fruit which H. brought on board, we pass a

great deal of the time in our cabin—wrangling, and bickering, and having hot arguments, which end in a kiss. I hope I do not say it in an evil moment, or, as H. puts it, ‘beshroy’ myself. I feel so wonderfully well that I positively smoke and go about as if I were on land. I hope it will last.

Saturday, November 3.—The weather was so disagreeable we passed the greater part of the day in the cabin. But the rain did not trouble us much, as we dozed away the afternoon and had a walk on deck before dinner. The sea, I am so glad to write, is calm, and I am feeling very well, but shall be delighted to get on shore again. Whatever poets may write about the beauties of the sea I quite agree with, but 126 only agree with them when I am on shore. There seems no excitement on the ship. To-day's run is 381 miles, taken in dead reckoning. The voyage, so far as the passengers are concerned, proves to turn out uneventful.

Sunday, November 4.—This day was so rough that I did not leave the cabin throughout it. I was sick in the evening, and passed a miserable time. The run, again taken in dead reckoning, was 360 miles.

Monday, November 5.—The sea was very rough, and there were occasional showers, but the sun was brilliant. I went on deck and had my meals there. I put H.'s fur coat on and that kept me warm, and I dozed away the day. I am weary and sick of the sea. This is a magnificent vessel; it is so well appointed. It cost 600,000 *l.* , and there are 230 hands on board; among others, 11 engineers and 75 firemen. The engines are of 10,000 horse-power, and the length is 530 feet, the breadth 52 feet. It has done the passage in six days and twenty-one hours from Sandy Hook to Queenstown. Being fine weather and fair wind they were to-day able to take the sun, and the run was 384 miles. Every mile brings us nearer, and if all's well we shall be able to say to-morrow, ‘The day after to-morrow we shall be at Queenstown.’ Only four nights and three days, and heigh-ho for merry England and fogs I The wind is not at all cold, and I do not feel as I thought I should.

Tuesday, November 6.—I felt better this morning, and my bath put me to rights. I had breakfast in the cabin and went on deck. On leaning over the 127 bulwarks it was quite remarkable to see how fast we skim through the water. The sun is brilliant. There is a good wind and the sails are set, so I hope the run will be satisfactory. I have just heard it is 390, so we have made 1972 miles out of our 2830. Thus we shall make the Fastnet Lighthouse about eight o'clock. On Thursday we shall arrive (D.V.) at Queenstown.

Wednesday, November 7.—I felt so tired that I stayed in bed until lunch-time, and then went on deck. The weather was fine, and not at all cold. It rained in the afternoon, but I still stayed out, as I was sheltered. A model of a steamer was raffled for. I subscribed for it but did not win. The run was excellent, viz., 400 miles. If all goes well we shall make Queenstown by four to-morrow afternoon. and Liverpool on Friday morning at 7.30. There is to be a concert on board to-night. I hope it may prove some fun.—The concert was a very dull affair. It was given by four persons, who sang dull songs, without spirit, fairly well. A speech was made in a very lame manner by Albert Grey, M.P., and the collection realised 36 *l.* 13 *s.* 4 *d.* There was a want of ‘go’ throughout. I infinitely preferred the concert on the *Parisian.*

Thursday, November 8.—In going to bathe this morning my eyes caught sight of the glad vision of land. We may hope to reach Queenstown at 3.30. I felt quite myself again. At the time forestated we duly arrived, having run 446 miles since 12.30 yesterday. The mails were taken off the ship by 128 a tender, which came alongside, and a few of the passengers landed. Some letters and telegrams were sent on board. H. had some, and I sent a telegram to London. We passed the *Samaria, en route* for Boston. The tender stayed altogether half-an-hour. Then we were on our way for Liverpool, hoping to arrive there to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, fresh fish and eggs having been brought on board, we may expect a good dinner this evening.—The event has justified our hopes. The plaice was excellent—quite grateful to our abused palates. After dinner we quickly packed, and that being done took a walk on deck. While on deck one of the

engineers suggested we should go down and see the engines. I was delighted and bewildered with what I saw, especially with the shaft and the boilers. Men half-naked feed the enormous fires. The revolutions of the screw by the time we get to Liverpool will have been 580,000; one would have thought it would have been more. To-morrow! tomorrow! will it never come? I am in a fever of excitement.

Friday, November 9.—I did not get to sleep last. night until two o'clock, and was awake again at five, finishing the packing. We had breakfast at seven o'clock, and at half-past we anchored in the Mersey opposite the landing-stage. The tender came alongside. We got on board after a tedious delay, owing to the passengers being dilatory. We left the grand steamer and I took a farewell of the splendid ship, and in a few minutes landed on English soil. Thank 129 God for all His goodness! back safe and sound without a scratch. We went to the hotel and sent off telegrams. Then we returned to the wharf to fetch the baggage. After some delay we succeeded in getting all the things passed through the Customs, and caught the eleven o'clock train to Euston. The time passed agreeably enough till we arrived in London at ten minutes to four. I took a cab, said goodbye to H., and arrived safely home.

We have journeyed 15,531 miles in 858 hours—nearly 16,000 miles—or much more than half round the world. This trip will live with me as long as I have the power to remember. It was one of great joy. I had no care, no trouble. I had no money in my pocket. I was intensely happy. K

TABLE OF THE ROUTE.

DATE. PLACE. LINE. SHIP OR HOTEL. Aug. 14 London to Liverpool L. and N. Western L. and N. Western Aug. 15 Liverpool ” ” 16–24 Liverpool to Quebec Allan The Parisian ” 25–26 Quebec St. Louis ” 27–29 Montreal North Shore Windsor ” 30 Boston Grand Trunk Brunswick Aug. 31–Sept. 2 New York Boston and Albany Fifth Avenue ” 3 Albany Hudson River Chauncey Vibbard & Delevan House ” 4 Buffalo New York Central Gennesse House ” 5–6 Niagara ” Cataract House ” 7 Niagara to Chicago (1) Great Western and (2) Chicago and Grand Trunk ” 8 Chicago Grand Pacific ” 9 Chicago to St. Paul Chicago and Rock

Island ' 10 St. Paul Merchant's ” 11 St. Paul to Mandan Northern Pacific ” 12 Mandan Inter-Ocean ” 13 Mandan to Little Missouri Northern Pacific ” 14 Little Missouri Pyramid Park ” 15 Log Camp The Log Camp ” 16 A Ranch A Tent ” 17 ” ” ” 18 Sully Springs Sully Springs Sept. 19 Little Missouri Pyramid Park ” 20 Livingston Northern Pacific Livingston ” 21 Cinnabar Yellowstone Park Branch Mammoth Springs ” 22–24 Marshall's Camp Marshall's Camp ” 25 Cinnabar Mammoth Springs ” 26–27 Cinnabar to Portland (1) Northern Pacific and (2) Oregon Rail and Navigation ” 28–30 Portland Holton House Oct. 1–3 Portland to San Francisco Columbia River Queen of the Pacific ” 4–9 San Francisco Central Pacific The Palace ” 10 Madera ” Mace's ” 11 Clark's Station Clark's Hot Station ” 12 Glacier's Point, Yo-Semite Valley Cook's ” 13 Clark's Station Clark's Hot Station ” 14 Madera Mace's ” 15–16 Madera to Ogden Central Pacific ” 17 Salt Lake City Utah Central Walker House ” 18 Salt Lake City to Omaha Union Pacific ” 19 Omaha Paxton ” 20 Omaha to Chicago Chicago and Rock Island ” 21 Chicago Grand Pacific ” 22 Chicago to Washington Pennsylvania and Fort Wayne ” 23 Washington Ebbit House ” 24 Baltimore Eutaw House ” 25 Philadelphia Continental ” 26–30 New York Fifth Avenue Oct. 31–Nov. 8 New York to Liverpool Cunard The Servia Nov. 9 Liverpool to London L. and N. Western .35

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